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A WEEK OF THE WORLD

SOME ITALIAN FOREIGN PROBLEMS

La Nación, of Buenos Aires, publishes an interview given to its Rome correspondent by Count Sforza, the Italian Minister of Foreign Affairs. Italy has recently raised its legation in Brazil to the rank of an embassy, in recognition of that country's participation in the European war; while it is still represented in Chile and the Argentine by Ministers. The latter countries appear to be sensitive over this discrimination. Count Sforza expressed the opinion that Italy's relations with Latin America would become relatively more important, as compared with its relations with other countries, in consequence of the war. The Italian government is particularly interested just at present in the emigration problem. 'However, it is my opinion that in the near future the importance of this problem from our point of view will diminish. Italy is developing along the same lines as Belgium, where the progress of agriculture and industry have gone hand in hand. Improvements in farming methods will eventually enable Italy to support all of its children.' However, for a time the country will be forced to depend on emigration to maintain its economic equilibrium. The principal legal problem involved is that of citizenship. After referring to Germany's attempt

before the war to demand double citizenship for its expatriated subjects, Count Sforza expressed disapproval of such a policy. He believes that technically the emigrant should become a citizen of the land he makes his permanent home; but that he should retain a 'spiritual' citizenship in his mother country.

Referring to the objections which the Brazilian government is making to the special 'Emigration Treaty' proposed by Italy, on the ground that it tends to establish capitulations guaranteeing to Italians residing in the Republic special privileges and protection analogous to those which Europeans formerly enjoyed in Turkey, Egypt, and certain ports of the Orient, the Minister expressed the hope and expectation that a compromise could be reached, which would guarantee sufficiently the rights of Italian laborers in Brazil without prejudice to the sovereignty and dignity of the latter country.

Not entirely consistent with the statement of the Foreign Minister, that Italy's commercial future lies largely in South America, is his declaration on another occasion, that 'Italy is turning toward the East in search of new fountains of prosperity and new economic and moral ties. Its future is in the Levant, on the Black Sea, and in closer relations with the Islam world.'

These words, according to the *Journal de Genève*, throw a suggestive light upon the patient efforts of Italian diplomacy to accomplish the penetration of the Balkans. The latter have not been altogether successful. According to late reports the Yugoslavs and Italians have fallen out over the terms of the commercial pact, which was to complete the Treaty of Rapallo. Serbian newspapers assert that Italy demanded a concession for a railroad from the Adriatic to the Danube, with a branch line to Zara, and complete freedom of navigation, commerce, and fishing on the eastern side of the Adriatic. Serbia resented these demands as being more appropriate when addressed to a country like Morocco than to the Kingdom of the Serbs, Croats and Slovenes. Albania is another sore point in the Balkan situation. That country insists on a restoration of its ancient boundaries, while both Serbia and Greece are claiming and occupying territories at its expense. Furthermore, Serbia and Greece complain that Bulgarian bands are raiding their territories with the encouragement and support of their fellow nationals at home, if not of their government. In view of the generally unsettled situation in the Far East, the *Journal de Genève* opines that some time must elapse before conditions are favorable for marked economic expansion of Italy in that direction.



ECHOES OF THE BOLIVAR SPEECH

PRESIDENT HARDING's speech at the unveiling of the Bolivar statue at New York does not exactly please the people of the Argentine, who, while commanding the great services of the *Libertador* to Spanish-American independence, feel that it was unjust to certain heroes of that movement in the southern end of the continent to attribute to him so

large a measure of credit as did the President in his address. On the whole, however, the policy of the Administration toward the Spanish-American countries is commended. The appointment of Secretary Hughes is generally approved by our Latin neighbors. The attitude of our government toward the conflict between Panama and Costa Rica, and its approval of the Treaty with Colombia, have been equally gratifying to them. Upon the whole, of course, the Bolivar speech is regarded as something more than a friendly gesture, in spite of the slight dissatisfaction which the exclusive emphasis upon his services to South American independence, occasioned.



THE NEW GERMAN PREMIER

CABINETS are so unstable in Europe that new men are constantly coming to the front, and in many cases they vanish as abruptly as they appear. One of these new arrivals, the present German Chancellor, Karl Joseph Wirth, has played a relatively inconspicuous part in public life. Like Friedrich Ebert, Prince Max, and Konstantin Fehrenbach, three of his predecessors in office during the brief career of the young Republic, he comes from Baden, the cradle of German democracy and republicanism. Like his immediate predecessor, Fehrenbach, he is the son of a country teacher, and in fact attended the same public school and the same secondary school as the latter. Moreover, the political career of the two men have been almost identical. The new Premier belongs to the Christian People's Party, or Catholic Centre.

After completing his preparatory studies, Wirth became a teacher in the scientific school at Freiberg, the city where he was born forty-one years ago and where he has resided constantly

since. It was the Revolution which brought him into national prominence, although his creditable service as a member of the Freiberg City Council had previously given him some local reputation. He is rated in Germany as belonging decidedly to the new generation, and as sincerely democratic and republican. A man of conciliatory and sympathetic temperament, he was hardly expected to show the firmness of character needed to guide the government through its recent crisis. However, the courage which he has exhibited since assuming office has considerably reassured the country on the latter point.



STINNES WAVES HIS WAND

RUMORS have been current for the last few months that Hugo Stinnes was acquiring mining properties in South and Central Europe. The Budapest correspondent of the *Manchester Guardian*, in confirming these reports, says that Stinnes realizes that the changes in Germany's western boundary which deprive it of its principal source of ore in that region, its precarious hold upon the Ruhr, and the high cost of over-seas ore while German merchant tonnage is reduced to its present diminutive proportions, make it essential for the prosperity of the German iron and steel industries that other sources of supply be tapped.

At first Stinnes's policy was to seek coöperation with France, but here he failed. He thereupon turned to the South and has acquired huge iron works, extensive coal measures, and control of an important section of the Styrian ore fields. These ores are, in respect to purity at least, much superior to those which Germany has just lost to France in Lorraine. He is negotiating also for similar properties in Slovakia and Hungary.

Whatever may be thought of Stinnes as a monopolist, his appearance on the scene is said to have worked like magic in restoring confidence and reviving industry. 'He arrives in Austria where furnaces have been standing idle for eighteen months, and immediately one blast furnace after another begins to blow.' Simultaneously, all Austrian industry takes on a new lease of life. The agricultural-machinery works which were badly wanting iron and steel are about to restart, and the sorely suffering districts of Serbia, Hungary, Rumania, and Upper Austria may again obtain machinery.



GEORGIA

Too little attention has been paid to the significance of the obscure events occurring in Georgia and Armenia. Both countries are normally radical, according to any standards known to Americans. The so-called Bolshevik invasion owed its success to support received within those countries. In other words, the former governments were dealing with a civil conflict as well as a foreign war. If Moscow succeeds in controlling these territories permanently, it will have reëstablished the old Caucasian military district as it existed under the empire, and will continue an immediate neighbor of Turkey. Just how far Moscow and Angora are co-operating remains unknown, but well-informed Russians, hostile to the Bolsheviks, anticipate an extension of armed disorders in Eastern and Central Asia, as a result of recent events. The Caucasian mountaineers are not lovers of peace, nor are the other restless tribes who are falling increasingly under the direct influence of the militarist party at Moscow. Unless there is a general collapse of the Bolshevik rule, the sweep onward toward India may gain increasing headway.

THE FIUME ELECTION

Most people have been content to forget Fiume since the rather inglorious exit of d'Annunzio. However, some two thousand of his legionaries doffed their uniforms and remained in the city clothed in mufti. Under the rather lax conditions prevailing, they had little difficulty in complying with the formalities which made them citizens. At last, on April 25, elections were held to choose a new government in place of d'Annunzio's *Consiglio Nazionale Italiano* which had remained in office since the Treaty of Rapallo. It was supposed that the ticket of this organization, with the rolls of voters swollen as they were with legionaries and *fascisti* from Italy proper, would easily win. This party proposed to defy the Treaty and to insist on annexation to Italy. An autonomist party, headed by Professor Zanallo, was in favor of carrying out the Treaty provisions. Although the legionaries and *fascisti* employed terrorist tactics, the unexpected happened, and as the election progressed it became evident that the autonomists were assured of a sweeping victory. Thereupon the *fascisti* and their allies seized several of the ballot boxes and burned them. They are reported to have been led in this enterprise by the mayor. The autonomist, or pro-Treaty party, is said to include most of the responsible residents of Fiume, of both Italian and Yugoslav descent. These wish the town to remain neutral in order that commerce with Yugoslavia, upon which the commercial prosperity of the port depends, may be restored as soon as possible.

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ECUADOR IN THE DOLDRUMS

ACCORDING to the London *Economist*, Ecuador has been inundated since the Armistice with North American manufactures which the market is unable to absorb. The warehouses at Guayaquil

are filled to overflowing with consignments which the merchants have refused, under various pretexts, to accept. Their action is rather natural, because exchange has risen from two hundred to three hundred per cent, while retail prices have fallen off more than one-half since these goods were ordered. Gold and silver have practically disappeared from circulation. The only way to relieve the situation, according to this authority is to consent to a heavy reduction in prices and an extension of credits for four to six months. Unpaid drafts representing several millions of dollars have accumulated in the local banks with little prospect of cancellation owing to the ruinous rate of exchange. Eventually cacao—the chocolate bean, of which Ecuador furnishes one-fifth of the world supply—is expected to recover from its present ruinous decline and to help to restore the trade balance of the country.

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SIBERIAN NOTES

ACCORDING to the Vladivostok *Daily News*, Japan is already assuming economic proprietorship of the Siberian coast. It has recently promulgated an order placing the fisheries of Kamchatka practically in the hands of Japanese *concessionaires*. The Japanese authorities permit no Russians to enter Saghalin except with Japanese passes. Important timber concessions in Saghalin and the Maritime Province have been given by the Japan military authorities to their countrymen. However, the local Russian authorities are resisting these alleged usurpations of authority, and insist that there shall be no discrimination in favor of Japanese when concessions in the territory of the former empire are given. Friction over this question may help to explain the recent political troubles in Vladivostok and vicinity.

Chinese immigrants are pouring into Vladivostok from Chefoo. It is reported that about fifty thousand are already booked. There is much unemployment at the Siberian port, with little prospect of improvement. Presumably the new arrivals include many refugees forced out of China by the famine.



NAPOLEON ANECDOTES

THE one-hundredth anniversary of Napoleon's death has elicited a flood of anecdotes regarding him. Among these are the two following local traditions in Italy, for which we are indebted to *Nuova Antologia*:

The people of Umbria and Romagna believed that Napoleon clothed his French soldiers in red, his Italians in white, and his Germans in blue, adopting this distribution of the tricolor for psychological reasons. He had noted that the French, while brave and venturesome, had a repugnance for blood, and were easily discouraged when they detected it on themselves. Therefore, he clothed them in red, where the traces of their wounds were less observable. The Italians were precisely the opposite. They were infuriated and desired to retaliate as soon as they and their comrades were wounded, and fought the more savagely for that reason. Therefore, he gave them uniforms which made the blood of their wounds more visible. The Germans he found obstinate and phlegmatic, and fancied blue uniforms harmonized well with the calm blue of their eyes. The narrator remarks that this is a case where the proverb *non è vero, ma è ben trovato* applies.

The other legend, which is very common in Umbria, relates to the imprisonment of Pope Pius VII at Fontainebleau. Napoleon is said to have cuffed the ears of his distinguished prisoner,

because of the following conversation. The Pope showed Napoleon three bottles; one filled with red wine, one filled with water, and one empty.

'Do you know what these three bottles stand for?' he said to Napoleon.

'No.'

'Well, I'll tell you. The bottle of wine symbolizes the earth which you have filled with blood; the bottle of water symbolizes the earth which you have filled with tears; the empty bottle symbolizes the good you have done.'



'L'ESPRIT SYNDICALISTE'

Figaro publishes the following alleged authentic incident under the title, 'L'Esprit Syndicaliste.' A traveler hurrying to catch an early train stopped to make a very necessary purchase on the way. Luckily he found a shop open, and the salespeople already at their places. Rushing in, the would-be purchaser politely made his wishes known. The clerk replied: 'It is twenty-five minutes past eight.' 'I know it,' said the traveler, 'I want to take the train at half-past eight. Please hurry.' 'Impossible,' was the reply, 'we do not begin to sell until eight-thirty.' 'Why?' 'Because that's the union hour,' replied the conscientious salesman. The traveler bowed and ran to catch his train. Perhaps he is still running.

Czechoslovakia and Rumania have concluded an economic and defensive treaty which definitely completes the circle of alliances constituting the Little Entente. By the signing of this treaty Rumania deprives of plausibility the rumor that it is seeking a union with Hungary. The project of uniting the latter countries under the Rumanian crown has been mooted recently in certain monarchist circles.

THE LEAGUE OF NATIONS AS A LEAGUE OF CULTURE

BY DR. FR. W. FOERSTER

[This article is a translation of a pamphlet which has recently been widely circulated in Germany and Switzerland. Its author is a well-known professor of pedagogy at the University of Munich, whose outspoken opposition to militarism during the war exposed him to persecution in his own country. He is now residing in Switzerland.]

To him, who in the modern life of nations has observed the powerful tendency toward separateness, the driving force of self-assertion and aggrandizement; who has noted the passionate desire for the development of national individuality and its cultural and political forms of life; who has recognized the plastic strength behind this, and the elemental biological force which here asserts itself — to him it will no doubt seem as if, opposed to these forces, the idea of a league of nations must be an impotent abstraction, having no vital force behind it, and therefore incapable of developing into a living and concrete reality.

But although the principle of national differentiation and individualization has for some time exclusively occupied the stage of the world's history, in order that it might develop richer varieties of types and break away from old and oppressive ideas of unity, nevertheless this principle, even from a purely biological standpoint, is neither the only nor the most vital principle. At least equally as forceful is the impulse toward mutual fulfillment and equalization. In fact it is in this urge toward fulfillment that the desire for growth of the living organism finds its proper realization.

Plato terms this impulse, which drives us to round out our individuality through association with opposite types, the spiritual Eros. He defines this spiritual Eros as the desire of poverty

for riches, the longing of the part for the whole, the urge of the incomplete toward completeness. Undoubtedly there also exists, in this sense, a political Eros, which fills a nation with love for talents and endowments differing from its own, because with the help of such gifts it hopes to outgrow its own one-sidedness. History has many examples to prove the working of this political Eros. It is certain that the Romans, at the zenith of their power, were thus influenced by a love for Hellenic culture. The expedient and practical Roman statesman recognized that here was something far above the calculating, practical will — namely, the uncalculating, freely outpouring stream of the humanities. He opened his whole soul to this spiritual influence; in fact, he made himself, as Mommsen clearly perceived and stated, the conscious bearer of this Hellenic culture. He ennobled his architectonic powers by the assimilation of the poetical and humanitarian elements of the Greek soul. And it was precisely this emerging from its national one-sidedness, this self-development toward universality, that made of Rome the world-conquering and world-organizing force it became, and gave to it a power of synthesis such as it could never have won by the mere force of arms.

The formative element of Roman life, deepened through this blending of ideals, awakened in the Germanic people through many centuries a desire for

intimate cultural relations, for developing their own unformed and unclarified life by the adoption and selection of those things which come from a highly developed but formal civilization. Whoever wishes to visualize the impression which the Roman discipline of expression made upon the German soul need but recall the odes of Klopstock, in which rich Germanic dreams are clothed in clearest rhythm. Thanks to the standards of the Latin spirit, the profuseness of pictures and words is held in check, and there is a wondrous blending of restrained utterance with profound feeling. On the other hand, the Germanic individualism, with its unswerving search for truth, was an indispensable counterbalance for the architectonic man and his institutionalizing tendency. Pope Innocent dreamed that the Lateran might crumble if the 'Poverello' of Assisi did not brace it. This may in its broadest sense be construed as an allegory of the truth that the upholders of form constantly need the opposing balance of a strong personal, inner life, in order not to lose themselves in formalism.]

There undoubtedly exists between France and Germany, in spite of all 'inherited animosity,' a latent political Eros, which springs from the same difference of endowments from which their enmity arises. This difference of talents or gifts, and the necessity of co-operation arising because of the differentiation, was illustrated by the French chemist, Duhem, in the February, 1915, issue of the *Revue des deux Mondes*, when he wrote: 'One of these nations has in excess what is lacking in the other. French science finds its completion in the solid German testing of the hypotheses which French intuition offers.' When Renan, going still further, once said: 'At the moment when France and Germany become reconciled, the two halves of the human soul will again

have found each other,' he was expressing platonically the thought that the elementary need of opposite individualities for mutual complementation must some day overcome the tension arising from the historic conflicts of these two nations, so greatly dependent upon each other.

From time immemorial thoughtful Frenchmen have openly acknowledged that the Germanic nature is an indispensable counterbalance to *l'esprit gaulois*. The Alsatian, H. Lichtenberger, has even assigned this blending of France with the Germanic gifts of the Alsatians as the prime reason why France took the loss of Alsace so seriously. When Renan, in his letter to David Strauss, points out that 'France is necessary to the world as a counter-influence against pedantry, rigorism and dogmatism,' this should remind us Germans of the liberal schooling which our German ponderosity once found in French grace and social customs. It was French influence which delivered us from the humanistic pedantry of the seventeenth century and ripened us for the culture of the Greeks, just as the Hellenic element once ennobled the Roman *gravitas* into *humanitas*.

In a lecture at the University of Berlin in May, 1914, the philosopher Boutroux remarked that the German and the French spirit were not contrary, but complementary. The French spirit took cognizance of the single man and the rights of man, the German spirit directed itself toward finding for the individual his due place within the whole. The two tendencies were destined to complete each other. This necessity for the mutual supplementation of the two spiritual directions cannot be over-emphasized. For the real reason of German isolation, and of the failure of the German principle of organization, even in its military application, lay in the one-sidedness with

which we insisted on the subordination of the individual to the whole, without considering the rights and the distinctive gifts of the individual. We sacrificed the Rights of Man to the Rights of the State. Our State was Kreon without Antigone. Yet Antigone represents not only the just claims of personality, but also the deeper interests of the State itself. The whole can never count upon the complete devotion of the parts if the whole shows no love and respect for the rights and the idiosyncrasies of the parts.

In a military way also we perished because the principle of respect for the dignity of man had not been made a part of our military organization. And in particular we came to grief because that which the French nation had newly reconquered for itself in the Dreyfus case — viz., the subordination of the military to the moral requirements of civilized society — was not allowed to come to the surface in Germany, but on the contrary was obliged to recede before the ever-growing dictation of the sword. With much justification Mr. P. Seippel said in the *Journal de Genève*: 'The triumph of truth and justice in the Dreyfus case was the overture to the victory of the Marne; the triumph of the military in the Zabern case was the overture to the German breakdown.'

The French make a distinction between *esprit de finesse* and *esprit de géometrie*. In this life both are as necessary as man and wife, and where they disagree individuals and societies also disagree. Organization without respect for the *droits de l'homme* fails to carry through any difficult task that requires the assembling and cohesion of forces. Culture of the individual without high discipline and precision of coöperation brings on a disorder in which at last the dignity of man is itself destroyed. So that, with reference to the requirements

of true organization, it may be seen how intimately each of these nations is dependent upon the other for its completion, and how without such complementation neither can, in fact, solve its own problems.

The same may be said in favor of cultural coöperation between the Slavonic and the Germanic spirit. The Slav can undoubtedly learn great things from the disciplined force and the methodical spirit of the Germans, and tremendous tasks of organization await us in the East. But we shall be competent to undertake these tasks only when we have allowed not only the West, but the East as well, to help us in the spiritual deepening of our powers of organization. The Slav is particularly sensitive in his antipathy to the hard and mechanical forces of order; in fact, Slavophiles accuse the State of being death to the brotherhood of man. We may be assured, at any rate, that we can again learn from the Slav what the Greeks brought home to the practical men of Rome, namely, the spirit of intimate, unselfish humanity. Only by humanizing our own principles of orderliness can we help the Slav toward an orderly life.

During the war an English colleague said to me: 'You Germans do not know how much we have lost because you have imitated us. We were dependent altogether upon your spirituality. We are a practical people; but we feel nevertheless that without a spiritual foundation we shall be shipwrecked even in practical matters.' Many thoughtful Englishmen perceive this; and, on the other hand, impartial Germans will not deny that we have many and extraordinary lessons to learn from the hereditary political wisdom and other endowments of the English. We are a strongly subjective people, a musical and lyrical folk, and we are in constant danger of succumb-

ing to our own emotions. This disposition is indeed an asset, but in the sphere of practical politics it is the real cause of our incapacity. It prevents us from thinking dramatically, like the English, — that is, from being able to see and to acknowledge the reality of the *other-than-I*. In spite, therefore, of all our talk of 'Realpolitik,' we have remained altogether incapable of assessing the surrounding world objectively, or of emerging from our own drunken egoism; and this especially because, in addition, a fundamentally false political philosophy has taught us to look upon egoism as the only true world policy; which in turn has made a laughing stock of our best and choicest German contributions.

Our ancient German love for that which is foreign was a political asset. It supplied us with a counterbalance against subjectivity. But since these traditions have been lost sight of, we have completely lost the genuine political faculty for building a bridge from our own to foreign conceptions of life. The Englishman too has a hard and tough ego, but he has also a lively sense that there are others, and that they must be reckoned with. Possibly a genuine study of his political ways and methods may cure us of our hallucinations of 'Realpolitik.'

The process of which I have indicated a few samples is not one of mere imitation. We have imitated altogether too much; we have adopted everything that fitted in with our own bad requirements, and have also adopted altogether too rigidly the political forms of other western peoples. What in reality is important is the love for that which is different, the joy in the abundance of types, the appreciation of that which is contrary to our own mode of life, the consciousness of our own limitations and one-sidedness, instead of the conceited assumption that we are fun-

damentally superior to all others because in the matter of conquering external things we have made such great strides.

The League of Nations which should adjust the disintegrating conflicts of interest among the nations by means of higher methods will thereby create an atmosphere in which this spiritual-moral exchange among the nations — immeasurably superior to the exchange of commodities — may again come to life, with a new and profounder meaning.

What obstacles now stand in the path of the consummation of such a league of culture among the nations? At this moment, while we are discussing the question of forming a league, it seems as if this new hope of the world were a mere *Fata Morgana*, ever receding as we approach; a dream for which the world is not prepared. Many people among those nations whose spokesmen had made the League of Nations the central structure in their scheme of world regeneration after the war, have abandoned the project altogether. The existing fragment of the League of Nations has the unfortunate appearance of being merely the executive organ of the ruling minority. Throughout the world the leading forces are falling back hopelessly and aimlessly into the old methods of individualistic security.

Our nationalists point to this tendency, and claim that what they predicted has come to pass; that the whole scheme of western pacifism has proved itself nothing more than a sham; that Germany, in order to find its bearings, must take notice of this bankruptcy of western ideas and act accordingly; and that the world belongs, as heretofore, to the old order.

To this we may reply as follows: It is no doubt true that western pacifism has not displayed a genius equal to the world problem; that it lacked the moral

greatness and strength, independently of the spiritual condition of Germany, to cling with genuine courage and unflinching steadfastness to the ideal, and thus to bring about the new methods and the new order. However, the conclusion which we Germans should draw from the situation is not that we should be content with this general backsliding, or perhaps take the lead in it; on the contrary, we must now by example and precept once more become in the centre of Europe what we once were — the temporal foundation of the European system of peace. We have passed through the false method experimentally. We were crushed because of our delusion that the Central Powers of Europe could best oppose the force of the world by raising to their highest potentiality the means for applying force, and by reliance upon their own power. We overlooked the fact that he who sits in the centre must ask for justice, not for power. If he provokes the competition of might he will be encircled; the dynamic laws of his situation will bring this about as an unavoidable doom. Because we overlooked this, laughed at justice and exalted might as the only law of the world, we ourselves willed the present condition of the world from which we now suffer. We called upon the earth-god. He came and subjected us to his laws.

We cannot now do otherwise than adopt the opposite course. Even though all the rest of the world should fall back into imperialism, we cannot do better than to make ourselves, even to our dying breath, a spiritual and moral counterbalance to all these tendencies. By any other method we are certain to fall short. In a game of hazard with force we must inevitably lose, for we are situated at the most vulnerable spot in Europe. Besides, our entire economic restoration now depends upon

European concord, upon our regaining the confidence of the world, upon the strengthening of the moral forces throughout the nations. We can secure these preliminaries to our restoration only if we turn back on the course we have pursued and become the prime movers among the genuine up-builders. We must draw out the consequences of the ideas which others have proclaimed, but which they have feared to apply because of their want of confidence in us. It is for us to develop and bring to fruition the idealistic foundations of a world confederation.

Those who point to the breakdown of western pacifism forget, however, that this pacifism has always proceeded on the assumption that Germany would take part honestly and as a result of inner regeneration; for only so could a guarantee be given to the civilized world which would render unnecessary a policy of self-defense on the part of each single nation. But as Germany in this matter constantly disappointed the world by withholding its support, it was to blame for keeping the world moving in its ancient course, instead of becoming what Germany used to be, the keystone of European tranquillity and federation. If, on the other hand, it is pointed out that none of the other nations opposed to Germany had allowed the Hague idea to prevent them from going to war (the Boer War, the Russo-Japanese War), it must be remembered that the Hague idea was an attempt to synchronize the drift toward the new order, and that if this simultaneity could have been secured it would have been possible for the nations to risk surrendering their individual defenses and to rely upon the moral force of a world league for the justice necessary to secure their rights.

It must not be forgotten how at that time (1907) the American ambassador, White, the English premier, Campbell-

Bannerman, and the Italian delegate, Count Nigra, fairly implored Germany to withdraw her opposition. It was felt that the realization of the project would stand or fall with Germany's attitude. All their efforts failed. Not only our attitude toward the essential propositions of the Hague Conference, but still more our moral isolation from the ardent desire of the entire civilized world of that time, made impossible the attempt to substitute an orderly peace by understanding for the competition of force. No wonder, then, that the old methods continued to function.

The same is true of 1917-20. If at the zenith of our power we had accepted the proposals of Woodrow Wilson, the world would have believed in our honest change of heart, and a united and simultaneous progress of the entire civilized world might have been possible. It was our fate, and it determined the fate of the course of Wilson's ideals, that we submitted to his proposals only after we were crushed to earth, defeated, and after we had by our methods of warfare excited to the highest pitch the animosity and hatred of all the people opposed to us. This phase of the situation must not be overlooked when the reasons for the miscarriage of the western pacific ideals after the war are to be judged.

The world was waiting for Germany, and it is waiting for Germany to-day. Not for a protesting, hating, revenge-breeding Germany, but for a Germany that has returned to its own better self; a Germany which by the spirit in which it looks after its own interests, in which it determines its conflicts with foreign interests, its attitude toward the accusations and demands of its former enemies, will make an effort to use genuine world-politics in place of mere egopolitics. The spiritual attitude of the centre, not that of the periphery, decides the fate of the world. Whoever

recognizes this geographic foundation, so to speak, for the responsibility of Germany will form a grave opinion of Germany's own guilt; but he will also recognize altogether new potentialities for the German nation — how it may serve the world and thereby atone for its misdeeds. And he will not understand those who wish, in the interests of Germany, that the Entente had had power to build up a new world order without the regeneration and help of Germany, so that Germany at the end might be invited in, like a child to a Christmas feast.

No doubt, if the masses of people who foamed with rage after Germany's collapse, and in spite of all they saw in Belgium and Northern France, had possessed the superhuman capacity to present Germany with a Wilsonian peace, they would have become the absolute moral leaders of Europe, and we should have been obliged to enter their world structure as thankful pupils. Perhaps it was good for us that things were not made so easy; that, in fact, it seems more and more as if the gigantic problem will not be solved unless the ancient German soul again comes to life and begins to speak, and out of the fullness of its bitter experience and its deeply conscious conversion finds the way to conjure up the moral forces which alone can overcome the present spirit of disintegration.

Western pacifism still has too much of the juridical — too much architecture, too little living soul. The world is not yet conscious of the terrible gap between nations, to the bridging of which something far deeper and greater than mere international ideas is necessary. In his essay on nationalism Rabindranath Tagore drastically pictures the giant organizations of collective self-seeking which to-day are working against each other, and calls a league of nations which would superficially calm

these heated forces of selfishness and greedy might a league of steam-boilers. Truly, in this world of unscrupulous competition and collectively increasing passions a mere political association would be up in the air if the spiritual condition of the nations were to remain the same, — a condition which Meister Eckhard designated as 'being moonstruck on your own greatness'; if, for instance, France were to talk of nothing but its restoration, Germany only of its need and suffering, England to have its eyes set on its own world-empire — each single nation merely calling upon the League of Nations as upon a physician to cure its ills and as an executor of its demands.

Only the root-forces of morality, of devotion, of love, can overcome the curse of our civilization. We need a living force, coming out of the deeps of the nations themselves, which shall stretch far out beyond mere national boundaries, and make justice to others, the needs of strangers, foreign difficulties and foreign possibilities of life, its own. We need, to speak with Bertrand Russell, instead of the possessive mood, which looks only after its own safety by any means possible, the creative mood, by which we devote ourselves farsightedly to the general well-being; only by such methods may each people confidently expect reliable guarantees for its own existence.

Right here lie the great possibilities of Germany's new position in the world. All other European nations have centuries of national exclusiveness behind them. The German people have a tradition, several centuries old, as the bearers of European unity. The old German Empire was itself an association of nations, and was organized with reference to popular rule rather than to the rule of the State; and it thus became the starting-point for the teaching of popular rights. Because of its capabil-

ity and its history the German soul became the mediating soul of Europe, incessantly absorbing cultural elements from all sides in order to transmute them into something of value for all mankind. The German developed a special love for that which is foreign, without which love no genuine international coöperation is possible. Therefore the realization of a league of nations depends altogether upon this — whether the old Germanic spirit may again awaken or not. This hope is not German arrogance. It is not a claim of superiority. It is because of our location and of our historic development that we are destined to play the part of mediators; and without this contribution of ours even the most brilliant gifts of other nations cannot prevent the disruption of the nations of the earth.

As a matter of course, the German cannot begin his nation-uniting mission by merely offering himself to the world as mediator, as if nothing had happened. Too many German adherents and workers for the world league fail to appreciate the full depth of the abyss which still separates us from the rest of the world, in spite of the superficial resumption of coöperation. The German people still believe that this gap will gradually heal of itself through economic necessity. They will be sadly disappointed. We are hardly conscious of the fixity of purpose to apply the boycott which exists among the majority of the people of our former enemies. Ineradicably, and justly, there exists in the allied nations a firm belief that it was the ruling classes of Germany that made the world-holocaust inevitable, by their glorification of war, by their derision and sabotage of all efforts for the peace and understanding of nations, and by their repeated anarchistic and anti-European manipulation of conflicts in which other nations were vitally

interested. With undoubted justice other people smile at our attempts to question the plain fact that Germany was the leader in sanctioning and upholding the principle of might in international relations, and by foolish explanations and constant reference to the secret archives of enemy nations, to shift the responsibility for the war. And just as ineradicably, and with the same undeniable justice, they cling to the belief that the misdeeds of the German conduct of the war can find their counterpart only in the far-off days of the migrations of nations, and represent crimes against humanity and civilization the magnitude and extent of which cannot be even partially offset by counter-charges.

Thus the great majority of the allied nations feel that a rehabilitation of the German nation will not be possible until the German people, instead of constantly and loudly demanding its former leadership and holding to its military traditions, shall thoroughly and searchingly renounce that spirit which isolated Germany from the rest of the world and which precipitated it into the present catastrophe. Instead of grasping this fundamental necessity for the moral reconciliation of nations, and acknowledging this as the preliminary hypothesis for the completion of any league of nations, the German people have allowed themselves to be led into the mortal delusion, through malevolent as well as well-meaning counsel, that the question of guilt was disposed of and that any admission of guilt now would only retard the revision of the treaty of peace. May the German people awaken, before it is too late, to the fact that they have been ill advised; that Germany cannot again take up its best and oldest mission until it has overcome the moral isolation into which it was plunged, not only because of what happened, but even more be-

cause of the lack of any frank and truthful attitude toward what happened. Have the persons responsible for the Belgian deportations and the deportations of French women and children, or have the persons responsible for the senseless destruction of French coal mines and fruit trees been called to an accounting before the German people?

Through such blind and stubborn solidarity Germany may bleed to death and the League of Nations be broken. Only if this people, who within recent years and with greatest cynicism opposed an understanding between nations, will pay its debt by setting a high example of a complete change of heart — only then can the ban be lifted which has fallen upon the world. Such a desire to take the opposite course, such an emergence from national egoism, can at present and under existing circumstances be achieved only if we at last begin to feel more keenly and to regret more deeply the sins we committed against others than the fate which has befallen our own people. Only so can a new sense of justice reach the light of day — not by constant talk about justice to ourselves.

Our simple Landsturm soldiers wept when they were compelled to carry out the work of destruction in France. Such tears for the harm done to others are the very fundamentals for a league of nations. Only through such emotions can we and the rest of the world be healed. Is it not the height of bad taste when the very same people who most scorned the idea of establishing international justice now use the speech of outraged morality when speaking of the harshness of the victors, and cannot say enough of the rights of Germany? Have they totally forgotten that German rights can exist only in the framework of a moral conception of the life of nations, and that without it only the *va victis* is possible? Those

who, like ourselves, did practise, and wish still further to practise this same *rex victis*, had better not make our plea in the name of those moral requirements whose value we ourselves had forced to the zero-point.

No! The German people can prepare themselves for a society of nations only by directing their sense of justice for once against themselves; by passing judgment from a moral standpoint on the machinations of their philosophers of force and propagandists of power during the past decades; by subjecting the horrible and short-sighted selfishness of their method of warfare to the judgment of an awakened conscience. Only then will their appeal be heard and their conversion find belief. What good can come from a constant appeal to the conscience of the world when we have shown no genuine sense of responsibility for the condition in which the world finds itself, and to this day speak only in terms of nationalism?

'Leave your country and your friends and go ye into a land which I will show thee' — this Biblical saying applies to the German of to-day. He needs to give to the world an example of self-abnegation, instead of hardening the already general disfavor of the whole world into chronic opposition, - by continuous blind propaganda in behalf of his own interests. He must learn to judge German things from the viewpoint of Europe. He must do justice to the sentiment of those who have suffered from the brutality of his former methods. He must emerge from the provincialism of his nationalistic emotions, in order that he may become once again truly German and capable of bringing honor to the German name. Only in this way — not by shouting, scolding and nagging a world unfavorably disposed toward us — can we again create a place in the world for our right to life, and so prepare ourselves for adoption into a society of nations.

LATIN AMERICA AFTER THE WAR

BY MANUEL UGARTE

[The author of this article is one of the most gifted and influential writers of South America. Several of his works have been translated into French. He is a strong advocate of an anti-Imperialist South American union.]

From *La Revue Mondiale*, May
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THE differences of opinion exhibited at the League of Nations Assembly in Geneva, and the unexpected withdrawal of the Argentine delegation, have called attention to the conflict of sentiment which existed in Latin America during the war, and to the new position in which its governments have been left by the regrouping of the Great Powers.

Men ask why the young democracies

across the ocean, moral children as they are of France, and bound to her by strong spiritual ties, did not rally unanimously and enthusiastically to her support in her hour of trial. Looking to the future, they ask what the dominant sentiment in those countries is to-day and in what orbit they will revolve during the new period we are entering. These are the questions which we pro-

pose to examine briefly and dispassionately with a sole eye to truth.

For centuries Europe has been the centre of the civilized world and quite justified in believing that other countries rotated about it as an axis. Unhappily for that continent, and above all unhappily for us, new centres of diplomatic and economic attraction have been created in the Orient and the Occident, and nations of secondary rank, by virtue of their smaller population, wealth, and military strength, must now rank the practical needs of their geographical situation higher than their natural sympathies.

As a result of the world decentralization which has now occurred, a little Europe has sprung up in the Western Hemisphere.

When the war came, each Western republic viewed this disturbance in the normal rhythm of international life from the point of view of its interests in America instead of in the world at large. The effects of the shock upon its next-door neighbors, possible financial crises, and the prospective strengthening of imperialist ambitions against which every Latin-American country stood on the defensive, naturally occupied first place in their minds. 'Every pilot thinks first of his own vessel,' was the dominant idea of those political leaders who saw in the catastrophe something more than a theme for eloquent speeches and ephemeral European notoriety.

If these republics had already had such a politico-racial understanding as we have urged for many years, they might have agreed on a common policy and made their voice heard effectively in favor of France and their own rights. As it was, they were surprised in the midst of their habitual discord, thrown into confusion, and induced to shape their policies in conformity with limited and local objects. Some of them ser-

vilely copied the United States. Others mistakenly sided blindly with one of the belligerents, hoping thus to gain an advantage in some old feud with their neighbors.

Three of the most highly individualized nations of Latin America, namely Argentina, Chile, and Mexico — we will speak of Brazil presently — spontaneously exhibited a disposition to strike out upon an independent Spanish-American policy. Colombia, Venezuela and other governments followed in their wake. It is the impulse of the weak to make capital out of emergencies; and the spirit of Pan-Americanism grew perceptibly feebler in face of a world crisis which promised almost anything.

We did not exactly think that the Allies would draw a draft against our future under the pressure of war, by leaving our great Northern neighbor a free hand in the New World in return for its support; but we could not avoid reflecting that if the great Anglo-Saxon republic had shown itself aggressive and grasping in Central America and the West Indies as a purely commercial power, it would probably exhibit the same tendencies as a victorious military power. What Mr. Wilson said about the right of nations to control their own political destinies was not enough, in spite of the authority his words carried, to remove this fear; for just at the time he was expatiating on this ideal, a North American squadron landed troops in the little republic of Santo Domingo, deposed the president, imposed martial law and a censorship, and set up a government of intervention which continues to rule that country up to the present.

In no case was it our intention to join Germany, but rather to maintain a prudent reserve in face of events which might seriously compromise our future. France had the strongest hold of any of

the Allies upon our hearts. But there were countries like England, which had not yet seen its way to restore to us Honduras and the Falkland Islands, and like the United States, which had no idea of restoring to their Spanish-speaking people New Mexico, Texas, Porto Rico, Panama, and the rest. Even assuming that this was to be the last great war, and that its purpose was to establish final justice in the world, we still had cause to stop and ponder.

Naturally someone will immediately cite Brazil. But Brazil has always been a sort of outsider in Latin America. When the rest of the continent struck for independence, Brazil remained faithful to its mother country; when we set up republics, it established an empire; when we abolished slavery, it maintained that institution. Without passing judgment on the right or wrong of these acts — and I agree with those who believe that, by deferring its separation from Portugal, Brazil escaped the anarchy which wrought such ruin in the former Spanish colonies — one must agree that this nation has always pursued a different course, whether for good or ill, from that of the Spanish-speaking republics. Its relative isolation has induced it to adopt a dissenting policy, so that it has never coöperated with its neighbors except in repressing Paraguay a few years ago, and in concluding more recently a triple entente with Argentina and Chile. Nevertheless, the profounder minds of Brazil, with Mr. Oliveira Lima at their head, show sympathy for the idea that the welfare of Latin America demands that there be in Europe, Asia, or it makes no difference where, some power capable of equalizing in the Western hemisphere the feebleness of the South and the strength of the North.

In order to understand this, we must remember that for the last hundred years, many movements in Latin Amer-

ica and more than one revolution have been caused by foreigners. We all agree that the revolt of the Spanish colonies in 1810 was inspired by the French political ideals of 1789 and by the local need of reform. But these incentives might not have been powerful enough if they had not been nursed along more or less unconsciously by the discreet encouragement of foreign governments seeking commercial expansion and political leadership in Spanish America. In their expansive political enthusiasm of the time, our fathers did not see that political independence without commercial independence was a paradox, and that no government could be free unless it was master of its economic life. Otherwise, its heroic sacrifices only changed it from a political colony to a commercial colony, and it remained as much as ever the plaything of foreign control.

This initial disadvantage might have been partly remedied, considering the wonderful fertility of our soil, had we possessed enlightened and far-sighted governments. But in Central America and in portions of South America the new administrations exhibited little else than inexperience and incompetence. Our mines, oil wells, railways, raw materials, and banks are to-day for the most part controlled by foreign owners, who shrewdly promote domestic discord and frontier disputes to ensure themselves a mastery over us more absolute than Spain ever exercised in the best days of its colonial rule.

Naturally there are countries in Latin America whose development and solid progress lift them above this category. But even countries like Argentina, prosperous as they are, cannot escape entirely the contagion of their neighbors. Their loans, their foreign-owned railways and shipping lines, and their great alien commercial establishments tend to make them likewise feu-

datories of powerful foreign nations, and only their sound health and stable balance enable them to exercise real initiative in foreign affairs and to look the world squarely in the face.

Latin Americans do not like to hear these things discussed but, since they exist, we must face them frankly. We by no means intend to suggest that the Spanish colonies have utterly failed to emancipate themselves, the way the English colonies have done. But we have become involved in growing conflicts which may easily defeat the ideals of Bolívar, of San Martín, and of our other rebel patriots of a century ago.

We Latins, incurable dreamers, are not content to sacrifice our future thus helplessly, particularly in an age when other nations lay stress on practical facts and policies determined far more by material ends than by sentimental ties. In striking a balance between what it has gained and what it has lost during the past century, Spanish America is beginning to see that it has sinned through an excess of trust in others. The moment has come when we are asking if it would not have been better had we relied from the outset on the support of France, or even of England.

Of late, both those countries have seemed to show due consideration for our national rights. France has always been very friendly. But France has shown little interest in us. England constantly yields to its great Anglo-Saxon rival, in compliance — it is said — with an agreement the terms of which we do not know. In case of Panama when the Colombia treaty was under discussion, and of Mexico when the petroleum issue was acute, and in all other instances, the young democracy has had its way at the expense of the ancient empire whose commercial and diplomatic prestige have been unable to withstand the dexterity and energy of its young competitor. However,

that is the attitude of all Europe toward this new centre of economic and political energy which tends to extend its control unhindered over the whole globe.

We had recent confirmation of this when *La Nación* of Buenos Aires remarked in an editorial: 'Faced by the choice of abandoning the League of Nations or the Monroe Doctrine, the Latin-American nations would probably sacrifice the latter.' The *New York Herald* replied sharply on November ninth, under the heading, 'There is but one nation that can abandon the Monroe Doctrine,' to the effect that no republic of South or Central America need trouble itself over what *La Nación* called a dilemma. Others could join the League of Nations, or refuse to join, as they wished, but they could not modify or abandon the Monroe Doctrine. That doctrine could be abolished by only one nation — the United States. The Union would never surrender it because its people, by a majority of many millions, had just decided to maintain it. Were all the republics of Central and South America to vote unanimously against the Monroe Doctrine, that would have no effect whatever upon its validity, because it is not a regional pact, as stated in the League Covenant. It is a policy of the United States government, a determination of its people that the Western hemisphere shall not be subject to European policies. The people of the United States have been gratified because the republics of South America approved that policy. They are displeased that some of them now take a different attitude. But the rampart which has been erected between South America and Europe for nearly a century is the rampart of the United States, and while its sister republics are free to enjoy the protection of that rampart, none of them will be allowed to cast it down. That is something which the United States alone can do.

In many of our international attitudes, we doubtless seem to Europeans to be preoccupied with local objects. Possibly our view of international affairs is rather peculiar to ourselves. Since I am ignorant of the motives and intentions of the Argentine government, I speak only in a private capacity; but when Mr. Pueyrredon declares: 'I firmly believe that I serve the interests of France in continuing the policy adopted at Geneva,' he refutes any suggestion of lukewarmness or aloofness. That is how the matter stands in case of one particular government.

Coming now to the attitude of Latin America as a whole, we have a well-documented volume which has just been published by a former cabinet minister of Mexico, Mr. Isidro Fabela, under the title, *Los Estados Unidos contra la Libertad* — 'The United States vs. Liberty.' Its author asks, after reviewing the situation in Cuba, the Philippines, Panama, Nicaragua, and Santo Domingo, if it is not possible to ally the interests of Europe, Japan, and Latin America.

That is a question of manner, method, and degree.

For twenty years, I have been preaching against the exaggerated imperialism of the United States. But I am far from being an enemy of the Great Republic. Still less do I believe that we shall gain anything by a conflict with that country. We cannot compel respect for our rights and assure ourselves complete freedom of development as autonomous governments without some understanding and accord among ourselves, without a certain balancing of our mutual interests based upon the firmness and cohesion of our young democracies. It is evident that we cannot achieve these things without the active sympathy of governments outside of America; and in seeking that sympathy, we find the Monroe Doctrine as

interpreted to-day our principal obstacle. That is the problem to which the transatlantic countries who wish to remain friendly with the United States, and at the same time to preserve their identity, are now more or less avowedly addressing themselves.

We all share responsibility for existing conditions in America. The Latin-American governments are primarily responsible because of their indifference and lack of discipline. Spain is not free from reproach because one hundred years ago she insisted on making a colonial problem of what was essentially an international problem. Europe, as a whole, shares in this responsibility, because it has insisted on dealing with us exclusively from a narrow European point of view. This is particularly true of France, which at one time ruled Louisiana and Santo Domingo, and which, by an agreement with England, might have determined the destiny of Cuba. We know the latter fact from the statement made by Dumas, the French minister, in reply to Canning's question. But France, though deeply loved by Latin America, persisted in following a butterfly policy in the New World, lighting here and there, but staying nowhere; while its rivals adopted bull-dog tactics and, when they seized a thing, never let go.

Far be it from me to suggest that Europe embark upon new adventures in the Western Hemisphere. Of course that is now impossible. But looking at the question from a higher plane, the interest of Latin America in closer commercial ties with Europe is greater than ever. We invite Europe to take a larger share in the development of our wealth, and to show more interest in sympathy with our ideals and our destinies.

Latin America, it should be understood, resists imperialism solely in defense of its own liberty. But this resistance favors the increase of European

influence there, and Europe may well take to heart the situation of the republics across the sea, and seek some diplomatic formula which will restore its own liberty of action there, by identifying a free hand for itself with the welfare of these young republics. Who knows but that our apparently contradictory policies of late are not designed in the end to bring us in some round-about way closer to France and Europe? It is absurd to say dogmatically that continents cannot identify themselves with other continents. Europe has constantly intervened in the affairs of Asia and of Africa. In their days of power, the Mohammedans made themselves felt in Europe. The Roman Empire crossed the Mediterranean and the Caucasus. Spain ruled America for centuries. History does not support the theory that political geography depends on physical geography. The United States itself has refuted that, by making its presence felt in the affairs of the Orient and of Europe. A doctrine which is not based on right and justice is always subject to revision.

Although enriched considerably by the war, Latin America did not derive the advantage it might have from its favored situation because of outside influences. Its attitude is still one of prudent waiting. Many believe that with the coming of peace and the restoration of international life to its normal channels, there will be a rearrangement of the forces which were brought together by a single crisis; and that certain of the great powers may find that commerce and intercourse with us will bring them greater material benefit than a new conflict among themselves. To judge by recent symptoms, some powers begin to find the restraints of the Monroe Doctrine rather burdensome. And since Europe — and Asia as represented by Japan — apparently wishes this barrier to become somewhat

more flexible, new possibilities present themselves that need not disturb the harmony of nations but, on the contrary, strengthen world concord by establishing a greater equality of rights among nations. If the participation of the United States has become unavoidable or indispensable in the affairs of Europe, it is logical that European influence may become equally indispensable in the affairs of America.

We should not forget that, on account of its special resources, Latin America will play a very important rôle in the economic mobilization of the world to repair the losses of the war. These young republics with their abounding natural wealth ask nothing more than an opportunity to utilize it most effectively. France, England, and certain other powers have an opportunity to do a good turn simultaneously for us and for themselves without trespassing upon the rights acquired by others or creating international friction. France in particular, next to Spain, enjoys the greatest prestige in our quarter of the world. To it preëminently falls the task of reasserting European influence on our side of the Atlantic. For Latin America will not remain Latin in the broader sense of the word, unless the spiritual currents which make it what it is are fostered and protected by material as well as intellectual intercourse.

I do not say that the republics across the sea can do much to maintain the equilibrium of the world; but a territory of more than 20,000,000 square kilometers, inhabited by 80,000,000 people, living in prosperity, cultivating the products of every zone, represents an asset of incomputable richness, which may be a real support for any larger scheme of international life.

Europe will be working for itself and for us in keeping Latin America open to all the four winds of life and civilization.

CONVERSATIONS WITH A BLACKBIRD

BY MAURICE HEWLETT

From *The Outlook*, May 21
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I HAD known him, of course, for some years. We were as friendly as anyone can expect to be with a blackbird, always passed the time of day when we met, and so on. But we never became what you could call really intimate until a week or so ago. Coming upon him then on the croquet-lawn, disengaged and seemingly in an open humor, I went and sat down near him, asking him how he did.

His eye twinkled, and he flicked his tail up briskly. 'Well,' he said, 'pretty well. After life's fitful fever . . . We have got over the worst of it, I hope. She has settled down now — to six. Pretty good, we think. But the weather has been all against her. To-day, I assure you, is the first ease, as you may say, which I have had since the Day.'

'Fourteenth of February?'

'That's right,' he said. 'We date from that.'

He had, at the moment, the intent, sidelong regard of the turf beneath him which I knew well. Very shortly he was deeply engaged in a momentous life-and-death kind of affair which made conversation impossible; and it was not until he had temporarily bestowed the spoils of victory that I ventured to resume.

We got talking about Mr. Eliot Howard's book on *Bird Territory*. He had not heard of it, but was interested — or polite enough to seem so — in what I had to say about it.

'Well, of course,' he said. 'Territory? Yes, indeed, we have territory.' Here

he cast his eye lightly over the stretch of green grass which I knew for his. 'Haven't you?'

I said that we had, the lucky ones amongst us.

'And I suppose that you arrange your little affairs, matrimonial and so on, upon the scale of your belongings?'

I pointed out a distinction between my nation's practice and what Mr. Howard reported of his. 'With us,' I said, 'the funded man alone has complete freedom of choice. He can claim the girl of his heart, whatever her walk in life. It is the landless man who will choose a woman of property — chiefly because he must. He sighs as a lover; he obeys as a man of sense.'

That set my friend chuckling. 'Excuse my smiling,' he said. 'Your Mr. Howard will have instructed you better than that, no doubt.'

'He seems to think — , I began, but he stopped me.

'A bird without territory,' he said, 'would not get a ghost of an offer. That is elementary. How should he?'

'Oh, then with you,' I said, 'it is the lady who proposes — and disposes as well?'

He fixed me with a bright blank eye, really about as expressive as a monocle. 'Well, seeing that she is the beginning and the end of the whole affair,' he said, 'it would be very odd if she did not.'

'Matriarchy!' I exclaimed. 'I never knew that, but, of course — '

He took the charge easily. 'I assure

you that we have to work for our pleasures! Not only must we stake out our claim every year, but we must maintain it, and advertise it. And that's hard work. Morning and evening, in season and out, I have been at it. Year after year!'

This was hard doctrine to me. 'But surely,' I urged him, 'in your own case — a long alliance?'

He was astonished. 'What on earth do you mean? Long alliance! If it is so, I can satisfy you that I have earned it.'

'Do you mean that there is a discretion —?'

He whistled shrewdly. 'I should jolly well say so. Every year my land is open to all-comers, and must be defended. Naturally she never commits herself until the thing is settled one way or another. How could she, poor girl? Look what depends upon it! The whole duty of bird, good Heavens! I grant you that I have maintained her — to put it so — for many years now — quite a number of years: but I am getting on, of course, and sometimes wonder how long I shall be able to keep it up. That's a warning in itself. Confound that chap — excuse me one moment.' Three long leaps, a swift flight the length of the lawn, and a trespasser was substantially warned off.

When he came back — 'Forgive my ignorance,' I said, 'but it seems to me that your deeds of arms are only performed on your own kind. Now, there was a wagtail perking about here a little while ago . . .'

'Well,' he said, 'what about it? He don't matter. My wife could n't look at him. He's of another race.'

I saw that; but — 'Thrushes!' I asked him. 'How about thrushes?'

He was slightly embarrassed. 'Ah, thrushes . . . yes, that's a delicate subject. I am afraid that cases have been known — rare cases — nearly all of them in confinement, where the

morale is — but still, I must admit, the thing is not unknown. After all, thrushes are, in a way, a kindred race. But we don't like it. It is one of those things that *is n't done*. We need not pursue the matter. And anyhow, wag-tails, fly-catchers and that sort don't exhaust the soil. There's no objection to them on that score.'

I saw that immediately. 'Apart from all that,' I said, 'we have brought our conversation to a point where your code and mine definitely separate. According to yours, fighting, like marriage, can only be with your own nation.'

He threw up his head. 'Well, of course — since there is nothing else to fight for.'

'With us,' I said, 'the only people we do not (as a rule) fight with is our own.'

He looked gravely at me. 'So I have understood from a recent acquaintance who came over from France not long ago. He had been compelled to leave his estates owing to what I must be pardoned for calling the deplorable proceedings of your and other nations. Incredibly! But we must make allowances . . .'

'I hope you will,' I said humbly, for I felt his rebuke. 'Yet I believe that your race also would allow the unfortunate necessity of defending your homes against marauders, brigands, buccaneers, sea- and land-pirates.'

He admitted that freely. 'Of course, of course! Landless folk. There are enemies of the kind, one knows: homophagists, cannibals, God knows what: crows, hawks, jays — ! Naturally, one can't see one's children devoured before one's eyes. But men of property, a settled nation — did you think the Germans would eat your children, by any chance?'

'Well, we did think almost that at one time,' I confessed. He laughed — quite pleasantly.

'How comical! But one gets flustered now and again — then one makes a fool of one's self.' I owned that one did. He looked quizzically at me as he pursued his advantage.

'Supposing that you really thought the Germans would kill your children, do you now think that they would have killed as many as you yourselves caused to be killed in defense of them? It seems unlikely. One would suppose that the Germans would have other things to do if they had come here.'

'Britons,' I firmly said, 'never will be slaves.'

He lifted his beak, perhaps his eyebrows, but I could see none. 'Slaves! Well — that, of course, is a relative term. The question should have been — our question *would* have been — Would invasion, even occupation, by the Germans interfere with the Great Affair?'

'You mean . . .' I said.

He replied severely, 'There is only one Great Affair.' He left it at that, and left me, too. We did not meet again for some days.

II

A warm, still evening after a day of sun-glare and blustering wind — the wind which we call a 'tucking wind' in these parts. I heard him piping in the yew-hedge on the border line of his country, and presently found him, high-perched upon one of the tomes of the huge clump which we know as the Kremlin. 'Hulloa,' I said; he lightly replied with a 'Hulloa yourself,' and then dropped down within chatting range. That made things much easier for me. I can never talk up to a man on a ladder.

I said, to begin with, that he had given me a great deal to think about; that his point of view differed very much from ours — in nothing more than in the exclusive importance he

attached to what he called the Great Affair. Knowing him touchy upon that subject, marking, indeed, a premonitory ruffling of plumage, I hastened to suggest other matters which seemed to us of perhaps equal weight. I instanced Religion, Discovery, Art, as causes for which a man might forswear father, mother, wife and even children. 'Love . . .' I began: he chuckled — then checked himself.

'Aren't you confusing ends and means, possibly?' he asked. 'Just consider. What sort of a religion is it which moves you to neglect your duty? What purpose is there in Discovery which cannot better your race? As for Art — well, that is an embroidery of life. One does not commit suicide for the sake of a pretty nest.'

'Sacrifice . . .' I murmured; 'pursuit of the ideal . . .' He leapt hastily into the air.

'Oh, sacrifice!' he cried: 'God knows what *we* know of sacrifice! More, I believe, than you have begun to understand. Nor can you hope to understand it until you discern the Ends of sacrifice. Let me ask you this: Have you a clear notion of what Validity means? Think that out if you wish to understand our religion. Ah, sacrifice, for instance! Pursuit of the ideal! Just take the trouble to consider the claims of Validity.'

'Efficiency,' I said, 'is a term which has grown common among us of late. I don't doubt that we include much of what you cover by your "Validity."'

He looked more than doubtful. 'We'll soon see about that. Do you hold inefficiency to be a crime?'

'A misfortune, rather,' I said. He laughed.

'So I thought. My dear Sir, we are a long way off each other. I fear that I must trouble you to listen to me.'

I said that I was at his feet — which was literally true.

'With us,' he said, 'the End of life is attained when we have carried on the race to the limit of our forces. We do not recognize any other commandment; we do not look to any future but that of the race. To ensure Validity, therefore, is the whole duty of Bird. The greatest crime I could commit would be to become in-valid; the greatest crime my neighbors could commit would be to suffer me to exist, being in-valid.'

'Let me understand once for all,' I interposed. 'By in-valid you mean incapable of the Great Affair?'

'That only.'

'And they would put you to death!' I cried. 'If you were ill, if you were maimed?'

'Undoubtedly they would.'

'Life, then has no sanctity among you?'

'It has so much sanctity,' he said plainly, 'that death has none. Life insists on continuance at all costs — yours, mine, or another's, it matters not a straw. When Validity ceases, life is negligible, and an offense.'

'I know,' I said slowly, thinking as I spoke, 'I know that you take death very lightly. I have observed that for myself. You seem to have no associations, no memories —'

'When you are dead,' he replied, 'you cease to exist. If you cease to exist you are not there. You are elsewhere. We say, you are in your race, which cannot die. Certainly you are not in what you leave behind you, stark on the ground.'

'We,' I said, 'reverence the dead for what they once were.'

'You seem foolish to me,' he answered. 'What you once were is elsewhere. Reverence that.'

I felt the rebuke. My eyes sank before the unblinking ring of one of his. Presently he resumed.

'Reverence, rather, Life,' he said,

'and take example from my nation. Don't you understand how far we carry that principle? Don't you know that to defend life we will cheerfully lose it?'

I struck in. 'Nobody can deny that virtue at least to us,' I said. 'In our late war tens-of-thousands of our young men laid down their lives without one look backward.'

'And how many tens-of-thousands of young Germans laid down theirs?' he asked me. 'I see I must be plainer yet with you. Consider the enemy of all birds, whom we call the Strumpet — and rightly so, for she alone in our genus claims the services of many males, and she alone is careless of her own race. Think for a moment of what many and many a poor couple will do in whose nest the Great Strumpet spawns her lust-begotten egg. Day by day that monstrous nakedness swells and spreads, hour by hour from the yawning gullet comes the howling for food. They see their flesh and blood cast out, crushed, throttled, suffocated. There is no more end to the tragedy than to the clamor and inordinate desire. The world resounds with them: death is abroad, with life in the midst of it, — evil, insatiate, enemy, alien, — but Life. What do the parents but spend themselves on the tyrant which is murdering their young? They feed the death-dealer even though by that very act he be enabled to deal further death. More than that, the countryside is under contribution, bringing in provision to her who hereafter will levy more ruin and death. You prate to me of your religion — you to me? Ah, when your people, who dread the Germans, for religion's sake feed German children, then you may measure religions with mine. But that is not yet.' His neck feathers stood dangerously out, his golden beak remained open. I feared the pip for him; but he shook himself, and made excuses.

'Forgive me. I was warm. Naturally, I feel strongly on these matters. The Cuckoo Peril is constantly before us. Only lately a near relative of ours was a victim.'

I said that it must be particularly hateful to his own race, considering the strictness of its views of the marriage state. Polygamy was a different matter, almost involved in patriarchy. That he allowed, but was struck by

my suggestion that polyandry was perhaps only an extension of the matriarchal system. He could not allow it, however, on reflection. 'No, no, it is promiscuity, neither more nor less. It is no better than a house sparrow. But we have wandered from the point. The subject is a very painful one.'

The conversation, once broken off, was not resumed. His wife had called him, and he hastened away.

A PEOPLE OF DREAMS

BY ROBERT KEABLE

From *The Hibbert Journal, April*
(ENGLISH RELIGIOUS QUARTERLY)

THAT dreams should play a great part in the life of a Bantu people is not surprising, but to those who know them, it may well remain a matter of no little interest that the subconscious state should occupy so much of the attention of the Basuto. For the Basuto, but one branch of the Bantu stock, are nevertheless one of the most civilized branches. Missions have been at work among them for three-quarters of a century; a school is a feature of nearly every large village, at least in the more accessible parts of the country; and even up remote valleys all but untrdden of white men, the native is clothed and far advanced from a state of precarious savagery. The Basuto edit their own newspapers, quite largely send their sons to college, and have already produced qualified medical men, lawyers, and a novelist. Moreover, the war enlarged their vision. The other day the first aeroplane passed over Mont-aux-Sources, and a

headman in an out-of-the-way village was aroused from his afternoon siesta by his excited and terrified wives, who could give no clear statement as to this new terror. But Mpanzi took but one look at the heavens. 'You fools,' he said, 'have you not heard of aeroplanes before? I saw them everyday in France. Disturb me no more till the cows come home.' And he went back to sleep!

It is the more interesting, then, that civilization has done little or nothing to shake their faith in dreams, and that, despite doctors and hospitals, they still for the greater part say and believe of a man unconscious that he is dead. The resurrection is no stumbling-block to the intellectual Basuto. My own district in my own time produced a prophet who died and rose again from the dead, and who drew excited crowds after him. He visited me, dressed far better than I in European clothes, and accompanied by two natives, intro-

duced respectively to me as his chaplain and his secretary. Moreover, he was very far from being a charlatan out to establish a sect or to make money. Those converted by his teaching he sent to the nearest missionary, of whatever denomination he might be, with a small slip of paper certifying that so and so wished to become a Christian. I had probably two hundred such in all, who went regularly through their three-year course of instruction, and of whom the greater part were baptized.

This belief of theirs is indeed a most important factor in missionary work, and any would-be successful missionary must take it into consideration. Thus, in my own case, I ran my head at first against this brick wall. I had come from East Africa, where Christianity is opposed by resolute systems — Islam, and a definite organised heathenism with classified devils and exorcisms committed to writing. In Basutoland no other system opposes the Christian Faith. I have never met a heathen who did not admit that Christianity was the only true religion. On all big occasions the heathen will come to church. Unbaptized chiefs, almost without exception, are eager to have a church and school in their village. Personally, then, I could see no reason, other than that a man might prefer to be drunken unreproved and have many wives, why the heathen should not convert in far greater numbers than they did.

But there was a reason, and I discovered it when I approached individually certain persons whose cases seemed to be the most bewildering. To take an example: there was an old man, the husband of but one wife, and she a Christian, no excessive drinker, and a most decent and delightful personage. He was, moreover, the brother of one of our earliest and most faithful

Christians. He sent me gifts whenever I visited his village, and was frequent at such services as our discipline allowed him to attend. But he remained a heathen. Not until he knew me well would he give me a reason for his obstinacy: but then it came out. He had had no 'call.' It was useless for me to urge that God had done His part in the scheme of salvation; that my own presence and preaching constituted a 'call'; and that nothing remained for him but to accept. He awaited a supernatural occurrence; at times, more definitely, he would say he had had no 'dream.' And he died, dreamless and unbaptized.

Incidentally, and to conclude this portion of our subject, it is worth saying that I attribute a great deal of the success that unquestionably attended the work of the mission in my own district to the attitude which I readily adopted toward this matter. I find no personal difficulty whatever in the supernatural. The drift of pinions, would we hearken, beats at our own close-shuttered doors. What I know of science seems to me but to open unexpected windows through which one views increasingly fresh vistas of mystery. The more I have had experience of the world's remoter places, the more sympathetic do I become. I read of theophanies on every page of the Bible; I should have to disbelieve all human evidence if I did not see them in every century of the Church's life; and I have found my world encompassed with that which has no other explanation. The modern attitude seems to be that science will explain all one day. Maybe. It will assuredly open other windows than we wot of to-day. But if I am there to see, I expect increasingly to look through with interest deepened and with faith confirmed.

As a result of this, I did not laugh at

my people's dreams. It is true I told my prophet that were an angel from heaven, let alone a man risen from the dead, to preach any other doctrine than that of Jesus Christ, I should not believe, and equally I urged upon my hearers that God had already called them by His Son; but I read to them the Scriptures, and I spoke to them of saints, and they knew that if they told me they had seen an angel in the way, I should at least be reverent. So indeed did angels throng about us. So did we see in the night visions. I relate them almost without comment. A normal explanation may cover them all. For myself, I can only repeat that there is little of the normal that seems to me on that account any the less of God.

In the first place, the native dreams frequently of the dead. So far as I know them, the Basuto, in common with most South African natives, have no definite theology at all as to departed spirits. Tribes and individuals exhibit occasionally more or less complete beliefs, and these often find their way into books of comparative religion; but taken as a whole the hereafter is as shadowy to a native as it is to the modern European. He certainly believes in a soul, but he has not defined its measure of immortality or of personality, or come to any conclusion as to its residence hereafter or manner of life. A few suggestions, however, emerge from the dreams that have come to my knowledge. Thus I have not known a native to dream of one long dead. I have not known him to visit any place of the dead (as distinct from visits to heaven, which are common enough, and will be spoken of in their place), but it is the dead who visit him. And, lastly, I have not known the natives to be commonly fearful of dead bodies or of burial-places, or to associate these in any particular way with their dreams.

(I hope it will be most definitely noted that I am writing only of my own experiences, and of my experiences among the fairly civilized Basuto. I say nothing in prejudice of other and better observers, or of other tribes.)

The kind of dream that I came much across is well illustrated by the following story. Up among the mountains, behind one of my remoter stations, is a steep valley; and up this valley, at the end of everything, is a village. I had never been there, and am still not aware that anyone from there had ever been to see me. Late one afternoon, then, a man came from this village to call me to a 'sick' woman of whom, as we went, he related these facts. A month previously (or thereabouts) the woman's heathen husband died. A week later (or thereabouts) she awoke one night screaming, and had said that as she lay asleep she had felt a hand on her shoulder. Awakening — such was her language, but of course she spoke of her dream — she saw her dead husband, in his ordinary clothes and so 'real' that she forgot for the moment that he was dead. She gave a cry of joy, and demanded where he had been to return to the hut so late. On that he had said: 'Send at once for the priest at — and be washed from your sins.' 'But why do you come now to tell me that?' she asked. 'Lest you die as I have done, unwashed,' he replied awfully. And at that she remembered his death, was convulsed with terror, and found herself awake.

Her folk had temporized with her, and had not sent for me, none of them being Christian there; but ten days or so later she had dreamed again. This time her husband was angry, had said nothing, had not indeed needed to say anything, for she had known instinctively his anger and the reason for it. From that time she had eaten next to nothing, and had been in a kind of fit

all day long, merely reiterating that I must be sent for. But the night before she had dreamed that a white priest came in, in a white vestment, and, laying hands on her, had healed her.

The sequel is soon told. I heard her moaning, like that of an animal in pain, some distance from the hut, and she took no notice of my entrance. When I could see no sign of ordinary sickness, I knelt and prayed, and in my prayer commanded her to be at peace, and laid my hand on her. Her moanings died down at once. They concluded soon after I had finished the prayer. She sat awhile not speaking, but then arose and gave me food. From that day she entered on her instruction, and was baptized last year; and she has brought with her a dozen or more from that village.

In another case, a teacher of an out-station died during the influenza and at a long distance from home. His village learned of his death. Some days later his wife awoke in the night, called her son, and sent him to the door to listen for horse-hoofs. He could hear none. 'Then,' said she, 'it will be tomorrow. The father will arrive. My husband has just told me to listen for horse-hoofs, for the priest is coming. And that I must not worry, but trust him, and he will do all that is right.' Now I had been intending to visit the village that day, but I had decided later to go the day after. No one there could possibly have known either intention.

Likewise the day following I was much delayed both in starting and on the road. I galloped up to the house late, expecting all would be in bed, and I was much surprised to find the boy awaiting me in my hut. 'Mother told me to wait for the father,' he said.

While I was there, the chief came to see me. After preliminaries, he said: 'The father knows that for two years

I have "listened" to his voice, but I have not been converted. Also for two years I have watched (naming the teacher), and now last night he came to me and said I should not delay. Now, therefore, will my father write my name in his book?'

And lastly, amusingly and interestingly, I myself dreamed. With extraordinary vividness I thought I woke and saw this teacher, of whom I had been very fond, in my hut. I, also, did not realize at once that he was dead, and asked him what he wanted. 'Come outside,' he said. He took me out, under bright stars, and made a gesture to the wide semicircle of mountains. 'You have to preach up and down all these,' he said. 'Why, yes, of course I shall, if I have time,' I said; 'but why do you wake me now to say so?' So saying I looked at him, and knew him dead. Also it seemed to me that he was dirty as with earth. And as I recoiled with the horror of the realization, he said sadly, and with an expression curiously unlike a nightmare: 'Yes, I am still dirty. Pray for me.'

I give all these three dreams because here is a mass of matter for the theorists. We are all absorbed in the affairs and matter of the dead teacher. I colored my dream with my beliefs, and the chief his with his already half-formed intentions. I may have been in mental telephony with the wife. One and all, we were over-superstitious. Doubtless it was so; I am well content to believe it. God fulfills Himself in many ways.

Dreams that do not involve dead friends are even more common in my experience. There is hardly a native who has not had several. The instances that have come my way are nearly all connected with religion, as is natural, and they well illustrate the native psychology. Few of them contain elements that cannot be explained, but none of them are without interest.

The first dream of this nature that I shall tell has indeed a peculiar conclusion. The heathen wife of a Christian husband, who had steadily resisted baptism, dreamed for four nights running as follows: (1) that she was lost on the veld in terror, and running over rough ground on which she finally stumbled and woke; (2) that she was again on the veld, but running toward a light in the sky ere she fell and woke; (3) that he was again running, but that the light was clearer and in the shape of a cross; (4) that she reached a deep kloof and saw on the other side, beneath a luminous cross, the figure of a woman, clothed in white, holding up and out a child. The kloof was full of worshiping people on their knees, through whom she could not make her way, and in the course of a frenzied attempt she awoke. The moment I entered the hut the next morning, an arresting thing took place. She literally threw herself out of bed and upon her knees, but at my side rather than before me, her hands clasped as if holding the feet of someone next but needless to say unseen by me. She exclaimed again and again: '*Ahe, Mofumahali!*' ('Oh, Queen! Oh, Queen!'), and, when lifted up by her husband, said repeatedly: 'The woman has come in with the priest!' She was apparently very ill, with a temperature of 105°, and I baptized her at once. She has made a resolute convert. When under instruction and normal, she was entirely ignorant of the Incarnation, for I examined her particularly to that end. She said, also, that she had never been inside a Roman Catholic Church, and we had no such figure at that time in our own. Nor could I discover that she had ever seen any such picture. It would not have struck her that these points were of any interest, so that I doubt much if she would consciously have lied; but of course she may have

heard of such things, even although she had normally forgotten them.

A complicated story concerns another man and another catechist of mine. The catechist was summoned to a distant village by a man who had been ill, had 'died,' and had returned to life. The man said that having died, he found himself on an unknown road which he traversed for sometime. Presently the road divided, and he hesitated which branch to take. While he hesitated a native came up to him, took him by the arm, and led him along one branch. As he went, our friend became increasingly struck with his guide's villainous countenance, and finally demanded whither they went. 'Never you mind,' sinisterly replied the guide; 'come on.' At that the 'dead' man became terrified, and cried for help, and on his crying, a third person came running across the lands. He was observed to have a cross marked on his brow, and at the sight of him the guide fled. The newcomer was much out of breath, explained that that road was the road to hell, and besought our friend to turn back and send for a teacher. He did so, reached the place in which he had first found himself, returned to life, and sent for the catechist.

Now the catechist was in a bit of a quandary. He had instructions not to baptize except *in extremis* and he did not himself think that the man was very sick. So he signed him a catechumen, which service involves making a cross on the brow, and returned. The man promptly lay down contentedly enough, and that night 'died' again. His friends went so far as to make his coffin and dig his grave, and they sent for the catechist to bury him. Imagine, then, my teacher's astonishment to find on his return that the fellow had again come to life, and was withal most reproachful! His own story now was that he had again reached the cross-

roads, and jubilantly taken the other turning. But in a while he met the third man, who looked at him, shook his head, and observed that he had no business there. 'Why?' demanded the other; 'I went back and I was signed.' 'There is no cross on your brow,' said the man, 'and unless you bear a cross you cannot come this way. Come and see.'

So he led him to a clear stream and they looked in. Sure enough, our friend's forehead was unmarked. Very angry and much hurt, he demanded an explanation, and was told that only the cross of baptism endured permanently, and that he had only had the outward sign of a catechumen signed upon him. At that, without a word, although the other stood and shouted at him, he ran back, returned to life, and now, reproachful at what he considered was a trick that had been played upon him, demanded baptism. My catechist thereupon gave it up and baptized him, and in less than an hour he was again 'dead.' Still much perplexed, the catechist gave him twenty-four hours for a reappearance, and then buried him; and buried he is to this day. In all the story, for which I can definitely vouch, as I examined all the witnesses (and the grave), that is about all that will not admit of two explanations.

The point of interest really lies in this, that in his subconscious state the man certainly had access to information not known to his normal state. He honestly did not know enough of Christianity to distinguish between baptism and the signing of a catechumen, which is not wonderful, for the catechumens all consider themselves Christians, and I have known even catechists so poorly taught that they did not consider the baptism of a catechumen *in extremis* at all a vital matter. A natural explanation must

presume, I suppose, that the man had somewhere, at some previous time, heard the matter fully explained; that while unconscious his subliminal self was troubled about it, and troubled twice; and that this subliminal uneasiness delayed his fleeing spirit. But my catechist does not know of the subliminal. He was chiefly worried over the identity of the other men in the story, and at what had been shouted at the dead man and not by him reported.

The experience of the prophet I have mentioned presents many points of interest. He was undoubtedly a heathen, of no education whatever, and of some thirty years of age, when all that I shall tell befell him. He lived in a village far removed from Europeans, and in a little-civilized district. He fell ill, and he 'died.' It was winter, and therefore probably he was 'dead' for some three days, for he recovered only when the grave was dug, the coffin made, the food prepared, and the mourners gathered. He sat up suddenly while the old women were discoursing upon him; and thus, so to speak, enjoyed the experience of hearing his own obituary notices. He told the old folk entirely what he thought of them, where he had been and what he had seen, and they were his first converts.

It seemed to him that he had been dead many years, and the full recital of those years would take much time. He had, for example, come to a river and observed that it was both too full and too deep to cross. On the bank were gathered many souls, and now and again unearthly spirits crossed the river easily, selected one and another, and as easily led them over. Then the prophet (to anticipate) mingled with the crowd, and asked why it was that one and another were selected. Could he not cross? The people one and all glanced at his knees, and told him that

not until they were hard from kneeling did he stand any chance of crossing. And thus does the prophet to-day inculcate the duty of prayer.

Once across, after long learning of prayers, he came to God's throne, and was there ordered to return to earth and make up for lost time by preaching repentance. Like another Isaiah, he confessed that he could not speak; not so much, however, because his lips were unclean, but because he was unlearned; and therefore God ordered him to be taught to read. This, therefore, constituted one miraculous sign of his office, for having never learned he now could read. In the hut, on awakening, he immediately demanded a book; and there was none in the village. In a day or two one was procured from the Mission, and at once he opened it and began to read. Such is the universal testimony. Further, he now knew many prayers. Also he had a gift of interpretations. And I was assured by his chaplain that he had performed miracles of healing. The chief miracle that I saw was that he made no sect, as I have said. Called by chief after chief to his village, this unbaptized man converted numbers and drew no reward other than that he lived on hospitality. I thought I detected that his secretary would have liked a contribution, but I am not sure. Certainly the man himself struck me as being extremely simple and straightforward. The confusion of our sects bewildered him, and for that reason he was not willing to join any. The French Protestants did, however, ultimately baptize him; and to this he consented because they give him the readiest welcome. A Church of England minister or two had also invited him to preach in church. I think he was disappointed that I did not.

Here, then, was a conversion pretty nearly as complete and sudden as that of Saul the Pharisee; but I did not meet

him until a year or more after it occurred, and upon only one point could I really lay hold. I tackled the reading 'miracle,' and the interesting thing was that undoubtedly he could not read much even then. So far as I could discover he could 'read' anywhere in the Gospels, the commoner Epistles, and some of the Psalms with ease and fluency. Given a place, he would glance at it and then begin. If you stopped him however, he knew at what point in the print he had been arrested. In the Old Testament, with the exception of such passages as Genesis 1 or Isaiah 51, he went much more slowly. He stumbled hopelessly among the genealogies of Chronicles like a child beginning to read.

This is then, as likely as not, an amazing case of the subliminal memory. As a boy or as a young man, in village after village, he may have been within earshot of the reading of the Scriptures; for converts, who can do so, will sit on the ground and read aloud for hours, and the services of the French Protestant catechists consist largely of such readings. It must be supposed, then, that the whole of these had been stored by him subconsciously, and were now, by a strange circumstance, placed at his normal disposal. Since then he had learned syllables and letters. But he still could not read. He said himself that he could only 'read' the Bible.

A final illustration I will give, upon which I confess my inability to comment in the very least. I was on trek in the heart of the Drakensberg, and by chance called for twenty-four hours at a village which I had never visited before, and, as a matter of fact, have never visited since. Toward the afternoon of the day that I was there, a native rode into the village, on a dead-beat horse, inquiring for the white priest. On his being brought to me, he exclaimed: 'Thou art the man, my

father!' and forthwith asked me to go into a hut. Within, he told me that he was a Mosuto from the far south, naming a distant district that I knew although I did not know the village. He said he had dreamed that he was to seek out this village in which I was; that in his dream he had seen the road, the village, and finally myself; that he had been told that he had but six days in which to make the journey; and that he was to give me this. Thereupon he placed in my hand a golden sovereign.

That is the end of it. He did not want to become a Christian, and could not see that he had been 'called' to be converted. I had no good work particularly languishing for want of a sover-

eign, and I did not give him a Bible. No one in the place knew him, and he said he had not been there before. Certainly I had not been near his village, and I had not even come along any part of his road. Also, if he had been a day late, he would not have found me there; and he made nothing out of his journey save only that he shared my evening meal. We went our several ways in the dawn. Maybe we shall meet again in the dusk and understand a little better. In the meantime I confess that this remains the most curious, the most unexplained, the most trivial, and the most bewildering incident that I have known even amongst a people of dreams.

MEMOIRS OF THE PARIS COMMUNE

BY 'W'

From *Neue Freie Presse*, April 24
(VIENNA NATIONALIST LIBERAL DAILY)

OUR generation has seen with its own eyes so many horrors that it is callous to the sufferings of the past. The ancients said that no mortal could endure the sight of Medusa's head. But in our hardhearted times that vision hardly passes for a sensation. But yesterday Medusa shook her snaky locks in Berlin and Budapest. She parades to-day the streets of Petrograd and Moscow. Yet the world exhibits that indifference which in olden ages was thought an attribute of the gods. So when a man begins to narrate the horrors of the past, our generation shrug their shoulders contemptuously. Such things are no novelty for them.

Nevertheless, it may repay us, this

fiftieth anniversary of the Paris Commune — perhaps the bloodiest tragedy of the nineteenth century — to recur for a moment to its record of human folly and shame. Its birthday was March 18, 1871; and it passed from the stage of history by the end of May. On the former date, a few young hotheads seized the Paris City Hall, at a time when most of the officials were absent, and began to rule Paris, hoping soon to be masters of all France. No one knew who these casual intruders were or whence they came. They just turned up of a sudden, unexpectedly, like devils shot by unseen machinery upon a stage. However, they faced the world with an accomplished fact, with that

'it is the established order,' to which even the shrewd and strong often defer. The slightest resistance would have dispersed the handful of mad adventurers; but in that critical moment of general prostration after the fever of the war, no one nerved himself up even to ask the names of the unbidden guests. Indeed their names then meant nothing. Who was Assi? Who were Roullier, Parisel, Raoul Rigault? A few knew the last of these signatures from seeing it appended occasionally to a mediocre but violent article in *La Marseillaise*. Its owner possessed no original style, but mimicked Rochefort, that journal's editor, and outdid his master in rant about blood, and knives and daggers. Unhappily this young madman, hardly twenty-five years old, managed to dominate his comrades, who were the obscurest of the obscure, and used them to spread the terror throughout Paris. They intimidated and paralyzed the fairest city, the most brilliant intellectual centre of the world, where a highly gifted and civilized nation had distinguished itself in every field of science and endeavor for centuries. Surely that alone showed that the nation was sick to the heart. The people of Paris were utterly exhausted by the sufferings and privations of a protracted siege. Even the city's leaders deserted it. The government of France was at Versailles. Parliament met there. Adolph Thiers, President of the Republic, was assembling there the fragments of a beaten army. Paris was republican to the core. Parliament had come up from Bordeaux, hostile and distrustful of the Capital. Thiers, in spite of his assertion to the contrary, was believed to be an Orleanist. The generals in his service were nearly all Bonapartists. No one contemplated restoring the defeated Empire, at least for a long time to come. But it was thought that Count Chambord might present himself at Versailles;

and who could guarantee that Thiers might not sooner or later restore the son of Louis Philippe to the Tuileries? Not without reason did Paris fear for the existence of the Republic. The city had been stripped of its rank as Capital, and for weeks pushed back to second place. Versailles was now the true political centre of France. It was inevitable that the two parties should sooner or later come into collision. They stood for incompatible temperaments; the reserved, conservative, prudent provinces, and the headlong radicalism of the metropolis. Most unsuccessful wars have a bloody sequel. Civil discord was in the air, — ready to show its head in a particularly tragic guise, because the Germans were still camped before Paris, watching with mingled delight and aversion, the cruel spectacle.

Wars nearly always start accidentally, while their deeper causes remain hidden. In this case the accident occurred in Montmartre, the hilly suburb where young Clemenceau was then mayor. Naturally that young officer did not foresee that fifty years afterwards he would be an arbitrary peace dictator in Paris. Had he then been able to play that rôle successfully in the narrower circle of his jurisdiction, the civil war might have been avoided. Two Versailles generals, Thomas and Lecomte, seized Montmartre on the night between the 17th and 18th of March, but were immediately captured by members of the Paris National Guard and shot. Clemenceau was notified too late else, with the courage and vigor which never failed him, he would certainly have prevented the execution. That was the beginning of the tragedy. The following day the little group of unknown men seized the City Hall, and began a reign of terror in imitation of their great revolutionary predecessors. Each was ambitious to be a Danton or

Robespierre or, better still, a Hébert or Marat. They all were determined to act the part of 1789 and 1792. Paris was proclaimed a free city, and the other towns of the country were summoned to imitate this action so that France might become a group of free cities, each ruled by a small band of obscure agitators. They were shrewd enough to see, however, that even Paris, exhausted as it was by the long siege, would not tolerate the dictatorship of a few madmen. Therefore they ordered a general election, at which nearly a hundred deputies were chosen. These formed the Paris Commune. These were the *communards*, as they called themselves, or *communeux*, as the people of Versailles contemptuously dubbed them. Their first session was held on March 29, or as they dated it, 'the eighth of Germinal'; for they had already restored the old republican calendar with its sonorous and poetical month-names. The first acts of the new assembly were to appoint a committee of public safety, peoples' commanders, and civil commissioners, all copied from the Great Revolution. Already, however, the cannon of Versailles were thundering against the city, and the people of Paris were replying. New war before the echoes of the old war had died away! But this time it was civil war. The forces of the President — of the 'Versailles Prussian,' as the *communards* called him — gave no pardon. They shot their prisoners on the spot, and the *communards* returned as good as they received. The French and Germans had treated each other more humanely. Family quarrels are bitterest of all.

Various attempts were made to mediate but all failed. The Versailles commanders wanted to refresh their laurels, and hoped to get some compensation for their recent defeats by a victory over Paris. Thiers was inflexible and relentless. He was now in his element. At

last he had a war to play with to his heart's content. Strategy had always been his hobby. As an historian he had explored Napoleon's battlefields and, pen in hand, had won over again the victories of the great Corsican. He felt out of place as a closet statesman, fancied he was a born army leader, imagined himself a hero of history. He could almost fancy that he had won the Battle of Austerlitz and captured Vienna. Had he commanded at the Battle of Waterloo, France would not have lost! So he would hear nothing of a fameless peace or a peace without victory. He might have saved the life of the Archbishop of Paris and the pastor of the Church of the Madeleine, both of whom were held as hostages by the *communards*. The latter offered to exchange them for Blanqui, the veteran revolutionist, who had languished for months in the hands of the Versaillists. But Thiers would not listen to this exchange which might have opened the way to peace. The solid citizen, the man of the closet, was more relentless than any sabre-rattling fire eater. So in the end the Archbishop of Paris, the Pastor of the Church of the Madeleine, and many other priests were brutally slaughtered. By this time, Raoul Rigault, the bloodthirsty despot, was absolute master of the city. Rochefort, who must have known him well, characterizes him in his memoirs, as a young man of extraordinary energy, but also utterly callous. He was capable of saying to his dearest friend: 'I love you sincerely, my dear fellow, but I find myself compelled to have you shot.' Rochefort describes the hearing of Archbishop Darboy, a man sixty years old, before young Rigault, during which the following dialogue occurred:

'Your occupation?'
'The service of God.'
'Recorder, put it down: "Darboy, domestic in the service of a certain god."'

'Where does your employer live?'
'He is everywhere.'

'Recorder, put down that the defendant confesses that his employer is a homeless vagrant.'

One almost fancies that the devil himself was making the examination. Even Rochefort, who was not wont to respect any God, seems to have been offended by the 'weird humor' of this death's-head inquisitor. He was not himself a member of the Commune, though he was reported at Versailles to be its secret head. In fact he often attacked the Commune in his paper. Radical as he was, devoted republican as he was, his noble descent did not permit him to betray utterly the blood of the Marquis de Rochefort-Lucay. Now and then he involuntarily rebelled against the strange company in which he found himself. And indeed it was a strange one,—like a cruel joke of an intoxicated Fate: men known and unknown, men of standing and of no standing, scoundrels and honorable gentlemen. Nearly all were more or less sincere, these new saviors of the people and reformers of the world. But most of them were also touched with madness. Even Rigault had a certain dignity of conviction, although he was obviously a criminal by nature. He was appointed chief of police and, as procurator and prosecuting attorney for the Commune, he held the power of life and death over his victims. When he threw a man into prison that man was doomed to the scaffold. He was even about to arrest his friend and benefactor Rochefort and have him shot when the latter escaped by flight.

Rigault was the son of a high official and had been carefully educated. In fact among the rulers of Paris at this period there were more members of the bourgeoisie — dissipated students and unsuccessful writers — than real workingmen. Arthur Rank, who had been

Gambetta's Minister of Police during the war, left the City Hall immediately after the first session, and many who thought like him would have been glad to follow. But they remained, some because they hoped to exercise a moderating influence; others because they did not realize what had happened. Among the latter was the painter, Gustav Courbet, a man of European reputation and one of the most famous of the *communards*. Two souls seemed to tenant his giant body; one that of an artist, the other that of a wayward child. The first controlled him when he stood before the easel in his studio, and left him the moment he engaged in other things. Then the second spirit took possession, and plunged him from one folly into another. It was at Courbet's suggestion that the Vendôme Column was torn down; at least he was bitterly condemned as the instigator of this act by people who forgot that this monument of Napoleon had been threatened previously. In fact his statue had been taken down from its lofty pedestal in 1814, after the entry of the allied monarchs and at their command. Courbet is also said to have proposed to the French and Germans, immediately after the surrender of Paris, that all the bronze of this monument, some two-million kilograms, with all the French and German cannon which could be collected, should be melted up together and cast into a colossal statue to commemorate the brotherhood of nations. Such childish dreams occupied the mind of this great artist!

Jules Valles, the Minister of Education of the Commune, was a grimmer apostle of destruction, though himself largely a victim of his own high-sounding phrases. He was a very talented writer, rather intimidating in appearance with his heavy jet black beard and fiery threatening eyes, but a kind man at heart. He wrote in the official gazette

of the Commune, that Versailles need not flatter itself that a single one of its soldiers would ever tread the pavements of Paris. He concluded the article with the following mysterious word, which produced a great sensation at the time: 'If M. Thiers were a chemist he would understand.' At once the most exaggerated and frightful rumors became current in Paris. All the cellars and drains and catacombs of the city were said to be filled with explosives, connected with electric wires centering in the City Hall, and operated by a piano attachment, so that a man had only to touch the keys to blow up any particular house, palace, street or district. When such fancies of a morbid imagination won ready credence, less sensational rumors were universally believed — for instance, that a world revolution was imminent, or that a republic had been proclaimed in Russia. The last report anticipated the event by just forty-six years. Myth-makers are never more active or in better repute than in times of political excitement. However, their labors in this case did nothing to promote the military fortunes of the Commune. The new government organized itself quite along traditional lines. It had the same equipment of ministries as any great power; even a foreign office. Paschal Grousset was in charge of this department. He was a polished, highly educated young man, perfectly familiar with the best social usages, an extreme dandy, perhaps the best-dressed man in the metropolis. He could compose beautiful dispatches which he sent to different foreign offices without in any instance receiving a reply. There was also a press department, presided over by Verlaine. That is another riddle. How did this true poet become connected with such a group? Paris is still his debtor; for when the men at the City Hall were seriously debating how and when to

destroy the Cathedral of Notre Dame, Verlaine protested vigorously against such barbarism and rescued that mediæval miracle.

But the military situation continued to grow worse. The more generals appointed, the more invariable the defeats. The Commune never had competent military leadership. The Versailles people gained one victory after another. *Germinal* had passed. Before *Floreal*, the month of spring, had gone, the enemy was pressing hard upon the city walls. Soon the Versaillists were in the city and there was fighting in the streets. Now was the time, if ever, to play the devil's melody of destruction on that famous but mythical piano! But the *communards* really did plan a terrible and dramatic exit — a true *Sardanapalus* opera finale. Flames flared up on every side; the glare of conflagrations was visible from Versailles. The Tuilleries, the Hôtel de Ville, the Legislative Palace, and many other buildings were consumed. Meantime the victorious troops from Versailles began a general slaughter, compared with which the night of St. Bartholomew was but child's play. Some thirty-five thousand followers of the Commune were executed. One of the first was Rigault who really deserved his fate. Women and children were massacred. Wherever one turned, blood drenched the streets. It was indeed as if a Gorgon were raging through the city guided by the glare of its burning buildings and destroying men by the mere malignance of his glance.

On May 25, after something more than two months of rule and misrule, the curtain fell and the glory of the *communards* was at an end. Many had fallen in combat. Rochefort and Grousset were captured in their flight. Valles escaped to England. Courbet was protected by President Thiers, who was a

A MAY VISIT TO DUBLIN

great art patron, and let off with six months imprisonment. But he had to restore the Vendôme Column at his own cost, something which it took him years to do. So the bloody tragi-comedy was ended. President Thiers, a cunning old man, now grown shrewder than ever, who might perhaps have prevented all these horrors, sat in Versailles on the evening of May 25 and rocked himself in the rapture of victory. Dozing as was his wont after his evening meal, he

dreamed a delightful dream. He saw the column of victory again rising on high in the morning sun. However, there was no Napoleon on it this time, but another figure. And who indeed was he thus worthy to replace the great Emperor? Whose was that familiar form, with the great spectacles and the Titus topknot? Suddenly the slumberer started up and rubbed his eyes, still half-confused by his dream. Then he cried in rapture: 'I am it!'

A MAY VISIT TO DUBLIN

BY A SWISS

From *Neue Zürcher Zeitung*, May 15, 17
(LIBERAL REPUBLICAN DAILY)

'GOING to Ireland?' 'Now?' 'Are you crazy?' 'Got tired of living?' I was bombarded with these and many similar questions by my English acquaintances when I told them that I intended to see the situation in Ireland with my own eyes instead of depending upon hearsay reports. The only two encouraging comments I received were from the Secretary of State for Ireland in London, and from your own regular correspondent in that city.

My journey did not begin under promising auspices. We had hardly left the harbor when a violent storm overtook us and tossed our steamer about unmercifully. However, the tempest subsided as suddenly as it came and, by evening, when we entered Kingstown Harbor considerably delayed, the setting sun was shining brightly. A cruiser lay in the port as if watching sternly each new arrival. Half-an-hour's railway journey brought

us to Dublin. My first impressions were confusing: — the atmosphere of a great city, beautiful imposing buildings, but dirty and neglected streets; well-dressed men and women, but also a multitude of ragged loafers. The business streets exhibited every evidence of activity. Fine modern structures have replaced the buildings burned in Sackville Street after the October Revolution of 1916. Only the General Post Office has been left in ruins to remind future generations of the present fight for liberty.

However, a person is speedily aware of the unwholesome atmosphere surrounding him. Armored automobiles with vicious-looking machine guns rumble through the streets, and a man never knows when some unknown hand may throw a bomb in his vicinity. Even more intimidating are the open, heavy auto-trucks of the auxiliary troops and police — the so-called 'Black

and Tans.' You see these men, standing or kneeling in groups of ten or twenty on the platforms of their trucks, half-protected by a barbed-wire grating or by sand bags, their rifles ready to fire at the slightest challenge. When their trucks charge through narrow or busy streets, where it is almost impossible to get out of the way, they constitute a serious danger for the public and many a young life has been suddenly snuffed out by them.

You often hear a curse or insult hurled after the Black and Tans, whereupon they instantly make ready to fire. I realized it was no joke when my special guard here in Dublin said to me: 'You are playing with death fifty times a day. If you go abroad in the busy part of the city, you can really consider it a lucky accident if you get home at night unharmed.'

However, the infantry patrols are the most disturbing of all. They are from fifteen to twenty strong, and are constantly marching through the streets at a slow measured pace, the men at intervals of ten to fifteen yards from each other, in three columns so as to cover the whole breadth of the avenue. They do not carry their rifles on their shoulders, but muzzle-forward with finger on the trigger guard. Their officer has his revolver in his hand, or else his hand upon his holster, and usually twirls a swagger stick in his fingers as he advances. For the first few days a visitor feels as though he were living in a wasp's nest from which he seeks to escape as soon as possible. But these things become so commonplace that you soon cease to notice them.

If you visit the Bank of Ireland, which occupies the old Parliament Building, you will always find it guarded by a patrol marching back and forth behind a rampart of sand bags and barbed wire. This is also a favorite rendezvous for the armored auto-

trucks which are always a high light in the picture. If you visit the City Hall, you will find the portal protected by a barbed-wire barricade six or seven strands high and thirty feet long, in addition to sand-bag entrenchments the height of a man. The windows are broken but a ragged English flag flies from the roof. Armored automobiles and auto-trucks also carry the Union Jack, to drill into the civilians the idea that England still rules here.

A person who visits Ireland to-day is never permitted to forget that he is in the presence of two enemy powers, and he must not fancy that the term Irish Republic is a fiction, an empty boast. He will soon learn better. A person cannot turn around without being observed by spies. A net of many thousand meshes hangs over the heads of the people. A single miscalculation, one thoughtless remark, may end a man. The servants in the restaurants and hotels are organized bodies of spies in the service of one power or the other. Any observant man can confirm this for himself, and documentary proof of it accidentally fell into my possession. At the same time, a man need fear nothing so long as he plays an open hand and keeps in constant touch with both sides. Each party wishes the truth to be known and will help a visitor to learn it.

The unpleasantest hour of the day is the early evening, just before curfew which, in summer, sounds at ten o'clock in Dublin and over the greater part of Ireland. That is the time for raids, when a man is likely to be stopped suddenly at any moment with the order, 'Hands up!' to find a pistol pointed at his breast, and to be forced to show the contents of his pockets to the man behind it. It is the fatal hour for those who cannot clear themselves of suspicion. Let me recite a single incident from my personal experience.

During one of the first days of my stay in Dublin, I dined after nine o'clock in the evening at a hotel which was only a few minutes distant from my lodgings. Three gentlemen and several ladies were in the dining-room chatting over a bottle of champagne. About twenty minutes before ten o'clock, several motors passed without my observing that anyone got out. I accidentally noticed the head waiter beckon to another waiter, whereupon both went over to the party I have just mentioned and requested them with the courteous smile peculiar to their trade, to pay their bill. There was a short conversation, the gentlemen suddenly became disturbed, paid, and left the room with the ladies. Right afterwards, the waiter advised me to leave the hotel as soon as possible because a raid was expected. I paid my check and went into the lobby where the ladies were engaged in excited conversation. The head porter advised me not to run away; whereupon I stepped out of the main entrance and could hardly trust my eyes. The gentlemen I have just mentioned stood in front of the motors with their hands in the air, a pistol was pointed at the breast of each by men in civilian clothes, who roughly questioned them. Apparently they were being searched. The brusque 'Who are you?' was still ringing in my ears when I slipped by without being spoken to and left the spot as soon as possible. Some sixty yards away I turned around, and saw that the whole hotel was in utter darkness. The three gentlemen, however, were forced to enter the motors. No one could tell me the next day why or where they went.

When I got back to my hotel, and related the episode to a few intimate friends, they laughed at my astonishment and told me that the same thing happened dozens of times every evening. A person must not carry his hands

in his overcoat pockets in a busy street or he will be suspected of having a revolver. Every day I could hear the sound of shooting from my hotel.

Almost equally disturbing, though not so dangerous, are the official military raids which occur at night and include a whole block of buildings. One evening, about midnight, I had an opportunity to see such an operation from my hotel windows. Armored automobiles and auxiliary troops in their conveyances and a searchlight train combed out several houses in our neighborhood. Every room in each of these buildings was lighted. The searchlights played on them constantly. Every person and every object was carefully searched; suspicious writings and suspicious objects of every kind were seized, and several people were arrested. After an hour and a half or two hours, the thing was over. But sometimes a second raid is made the same night. Business houses and banks are raided in broad daylight. It is the universal testimony that the raids made by regular troops are orderly and courteous.

But 'Black and Tan' raids are the terror of the community. These troops often take things into their own hands and, as I was told by several parties, the men are often drunk when they make raids. That explains why these forces are so bitterly hated, and are stigmatized as constant threats against personal security and private property. Sinn Fein raids are carried out very quietly; but witnesses tell me that they are, as a rule, much the most dangerous of all because they are ordinarily made only to take a man condemned to death. The person thus sentenced receives a previous warning, but often the sentence is not carried out for several months. I saw such a 'death letter' with my own eyes. Naturally, under such conditions, irresponsible people take advantage of the political chaos

for criminal ends, and it is often difficult to say whether an act has a political or a criminal object.

One result of the universal insecurity is that thousands of people change their lodgings daily, especially men who are active in the Sinn Fein movement. I became acquainted with several young men of this class who were 'on the run,' and who slept in a different house every night, and seldom took their meals twice in the same place. The way the houses are constructed permits a man who is thus in danger to slip out by

some back exit the moment there is an alarm, and to find his way by a similar obscure channel into some neighboring building. Hundreds and thousands of houses are always open to such fugitives, and they are able in this way to evade capture for months. All of them are armed and sell their lives as dearly as possible if that proves necessary. Of course, the spies of the republic lead the same life of constant peril; but the more dangers and the more adventurous their duties, the more enthusiastically they fight for their cause.

A JOURNEY TO GEORGIA

BY LUISE KAUTSKY

From *Arbeiter Zeitung*, April, 6, 7, 9
(VIENNA MODERATE SOCIALIST DAILY)

LAST August my husband and I were able to comply with a long cherished wish of the Social Democratic Labor Party of Georgia, that we should make a tour of investigation through their country. We journeyed across Tyrol and Italy to the harbor of Taranto, from which we took steamer to Constantinople. Passing over the thousand interesting incidents of this voyage, let me begin with our arrival at Batum, after three days' steamer-travel from the Turkish capital.

The largest port of Georgia greets one with an imposing panorama. The wide sweeping bay is encircled by the gently rising hills clothed with luxuriant tropical vegetation. In the immediate background the dazzling white snow peaks of the Caucasus tower aloft, in striking contrast with the reposeful verdure at their feet.

We had little time to view this charming scene for automobiles were awaiting us at the wharf with a committee of the Georgian Social Democratic Party which, at that time, was in complete possession of the government. We were received with an address in French by a member of the National Assembly, who is also editor of the Georgian Socialist Party newspaper,¹ which said many friendly things about my husband, whose writings are familiar to every Georgian comrade. The cordial sincerity of these remarks went directly to our hearts. We were taken by motor to the beautiful residence of the mayor. Our route was at first along the sea, past wharves and warehouses, then through clean, broad, beautiful boulevards bordered with palms.

From the moment we first set foot on

¹ Since executed by the Bolsheviks.

Georgian soil until we left the country three months later, we were the recipients of every possible courtesy from our countless comrades, whose first object in life seemed to be to make our stay as delightful as possible and to do honor to the man whom they regarded as a great apostle of social democracy. We had hardly reached our host's house before a deputation of working-men from the local unions arrived, inviting us to a mass meeting which was to welcome us that evening. Then we were taken in an automobile to see the extensive tea- and bamboo-plantations in the vicinity of the city. This gave us an opportunity to learn something of the magnificent country which surrounds the town. News of our arrival had spread like wildfire, and crowds gathered in the streets to greet us, shouting the Georgian formula of welcome, *Gaumart schoba*, which means literally, 'Victory to you,' and which crystallizes in a single phrase the war-like history of the nation. Wherever we stopped, picturesque men and women crowded round us to touch the hand of the 'beloved teacher,' and when we moved on their fur caps would be tossed into the air with the loud Georgian cheer: *Wascha! Wascha!*

At the evening meeting, whose chairman spoke perfect German, we were more than surprised at the perfect familiarity which the speakers showed not only with the classical literature of socialism, but also with the status of the labor movement in Western Europe. We were equally touched by the eagerness which the masses exhibited for still further instruction and information along these lines. My husband's statement that he had come to study Georgian conditions was received with great enthusiasm. We were accompanied, on our return to the mayor's home, by practically all the audience, which remained for a considerable period in

front of the house singing the Georgian national hymn and the International.

Our journey from Batum to Tiflis was like a triumphal procession. The railway buildings along the way were decorated with the Red flag and with the Georgian flag, and with pictures of Marx and Engels. I was touched to see everywhere youthful portraits of my husband framed in garlands. This confirmed what Georgians had told me in Germany, — that Kautsky was held in the same esteem in their native country as Marx and Engels themselves. At every station where we stopped we were met by a throng of happy, excited people who invaded our car, delivered speeches, and cheered us on our way. In fact this continued ovation, and the unaccustomed luxury of our surroundings, became almost embarrassing. However, our Georgian comrades reassured us on the latter point, saying that the workingmen of their country rejoiced in their ability to show their own leaders the same honors and to provide them the same luxuries, which had formerly gone to their Tsarist oppressors.

At Tiflis we were greeted by Comrade Jordania, President of the Republic, one of the most genial as well as the most notable men in public life. During the first day of our sojourn in the capital we were fairly flooded with callers and deputations of every conceivable kind, from all sections of the people. Our ignorance of Georgian and Russian, the two languages in common use, prevented our talking directly with the workingmen themselves as we so much desired. However, there was no lack of interpreters among our comrades, many of whom spoke both German and French fluently.

Moreover, among our callers were many German colonists. Formerly one whole quarter of Tiflis was occupied exclusively by Germans, and they are

still very numerous in the city. Most of them, however, have their business in the surrounding country. For instance, Germans practically control the local dairy industry and they also are prominent in the provision and wholesale fruit trade.

It seemed strange to us to hear these colonists speak the purest Schwabian. Their ancestors came here a hundred years ago or more from Württemberg. In spite of much intermarriage with the natives they still retain the purity of their original language, even though few of them have ever visited Germany itself. The children are educated in German schools at Tiflis, which has a graded school and a high school where this tongue is used. Furthermore, three years German is required in all the Georgian grammar schools. We visited these institutions and were impressed with their excellence. The new government is particularly interested in the educational problem. We sampled the meals which are everywhere furnished school children and inspected the manual training classes. We also witnessed instruction in a branch characteristically Georgian; that is, dancing, which is taught in every school, even in the kindergarten. These national dances are very graceful, and the Georgians are trained in them from childhood.

This taste for dancing thus acquired in early years, becomes a veritable passion with adults. There is no social, religious, or family festival where dancing is not the order of the day. On our arrival at the home of the mayor of Batum, his little six-year-old boy greeted us with one of the national dances, called 'Schamyl's Prayer.' Whenever we dined with a family, singing with dancing always followed the meal. No matter how small the room it was made to serve the purpose. Whenever we visited Socialist friends, as soon as the ice was broken, one of

the children would begin timidly to play some primitive instrument, and as soon as he observed that we were interested would start to dance, this being the invariable honor shown a guest.

We all learned in school — at least it was in the textbooks I studied — that the Georgians are the handsomest representatives of the Caucasian race: this was said to be particularly true of the women. My own observation would indicate that this praise should go rather to the men. Most of them have fine physiques and striking countenances. As a rule they are slender and active, strongly built, with an elastic step, and they are magnificent horsemen. They have a blond complexion but black eyes. Their figures are set off by the national costume, the so-called *Tscherkesska*, a long cloak fitting close to the form, belted with a silver decorated girdle from which invariably hangs a sabre, or at least a long dirk, with a smaller dagger as its companion. Even to-day a majority of the townspeople use this garb. We frequently saw the country people wearing a wide cape of black fur, distended by a wooden rod so that the wearer looked like a great black bell. Their headgear is varied. Tall lambskin caps are the most common. They give the wearer an extraordinary wild appearance. These caps are of all colors, and one is sometimes momentarily at a loss to know whether a man is wearing one or only displaying his own tangled hair. In bad weather when they go abroad, men put on a *baschlik*, or peculiar hood, which affords excellent protection from wind and rain.

My impression of the women's beauty was not so favorable, though, naturally, beautiful individuals occur among them. As a rule they hardly come up to their reputation. However, they are very gracious and attractive in

their manner. Their features are delicate; their faces oval; their complexion of an ivory pallor; their mouths small; but their most striking feature is their wonderful velvety black eyes. They have a rather apathetic and indolent air, and except for a few of the better educated, with whom I naturally came in contact, they impressed me as easy-going and unprogressive. I frequently heard Georgian men who are acquainted with the women of Western Europe lament the inherited Oriental idleness of their own country women. It is usual for the man of the family to make all the purchases, and to superintend the home. Our housekeeper was a Socialist woman whose mother was descended from a German colonist. But she had a large portion of Georgian blood in her veins even on her mother's side, and her father was a pure Georgian. Whenever she was asked to make a purchase at the market it evidently worried her, and she would usually say, pleadingly: 'Can't we let that go until to-morrow and have my husband get it?' Yet she was the wife of a man forty years old, and had five grown sons. The only women purchasers one sees in the market are Russians who make much better servants than the Georgians. Women cooks are a rarity, as men prepare most of the food. In fact the Georgians are the most famous cooks of the East, and always enjoyed a high repute in Russia. Every family in Tiflis who can afford it keeps a Georgian cook, even though it has no other servants and although these cooks are a costly institution. They almost invariably keep a boy-apprentice and are as famous for their grafting as for their skill. The Georgians tolerate these unpleasant qualities with the same philosophy with which they contemplate other petty inconveniences. The magic word *Nichevol* (no matter) smooths everything over. When we be-

came irritated during our stay at the unpunctuality, the indifference, or the stupidity of our servants, they invariably met our reproaches with a surprised inquiring look, as if to say: 'What are you so excited about? No matter. It's not so bad.' In fact this complacent attitude toward life lends the Georgians some of their attractiveness. You never hear harsh words among them. We never observed a single instance of ill-nature or controversy in the public streets. Even the hackmen are polite and obliging. At the same time Georgians are a very unpretending people and never tire of explaining that they have much to learn. They are gifted with a quick intelligence, and are willing and docile; so we may expect them to make rapid progress. Germans, Belgians, Italians, and Frenchmen, who have resided and managed business enterprises in the country for years, commend the Georgians very highly as employees.

Quite naturally I was primarily interested in the condition of the women. A Feminist movement, in the Western sense, does not exist. Yet even before the revolution Georgian women stood shoulder to shoulder with their husbands in the struggle for independence. Many of them were imprisoned or exiled for life to Siberia. Just as we left Tiflis the women were organizing to provide clothing and comforts for the men in the army that was guarding the frontier. The latter are practically all party comrades. It was a difficult task, for there is hardly any cloth in the country. To be sure wool is abundant, but there is no modern machinery to manufacture it. Many women were spinning with the distaff and weaving cloth on primitive hand looms.

As I have said, the Georgians trouble themselves very little about to-morrow. Their wants are simple. A glass of good wine, a merry meal,

contented guests, music and a dance, and their cares vanish. Hospitality is the chief joy of their life. A person will spend his last cent to entertain a guest, and we heard of wealthy families who had impoverished themselves by excessive hospitality. The people sing on every possible occasion. There is choral singing even during dinner parties. At almost any little social gathering an improvisor will turn up among the guests, and often display positive genius in the graceful imagery with which he describes and extols the qualities and history of each one present. No guest is ever omitted in drinking toasts. That would be an insult. Moreover, toasts are drunk not only to those at the table, but to their children and their children's children, and their absent relatives. The last toast is always to the Virgin Mary. Since the custom of the country requires the glass to be drained on each occasion, a strong head is needed to do one's part at these ceremonies. The abundant wine of the country is a heady beverage. People drink it like water, in this waterless land, where the scanty supply is often bad.

Every community has members locally celebrated for their poetic gifts, who are eagerly sought as guests. Our ignorance of the language unhappily prevented us from appreciating the graces of these compositions. Even the most ordinary social courtesies are given poetic garb. If a man drops food on his beard at table, his attention is not directly called to the fact, but the poet of the evening will say: 'A nightingale has lighted on the rosebush!' Thereupon each guest will solemnly wipe his beard, and the person referred to is spared all embarrassment. Several drinking-songs and marching-songs and children's ditties were translated to us, so we got some impression of the poetic forms the Georgians use. I must con-

fess that the language itself did not sound poetic in our ears, for it contains many guttural consonants. For instance, the old capital of the country is called *Mzchet*; the principal coal mines are at *Tkivibuli*; and a famous poet is named *Tschartscharadse*.

Georgia is rich in old literary relics. We saw venerable manuscripts bound in pigskin at the University Library, written by monks in the early Middle Ages, and decipherable to-day only by scholars. The Georgians are very proud of their language. They still resent bitterly the fact that the Russians, after conquering Georgia a hundred years ago, substituted Russian for Georgian in schools and government offices. Many educated Georgians to-day have a better command of Russian than of their native tongue. The Russians used to call Georgian 'a dog language,' and tried to suppress it, the way the Hohenzollerns tried to banish Polish from Posen, and Danish from Schleswig, and the way the Hapsburgs tried to banish Italian from the Tyrol. But the Georgians clung to their own idiom as obstinately as did the Poles and the Danes and the Italians; and during the three years since the country regained its independence much has been done to restore it to its previous rights. To be sure Russian is still used to some extent in the schools and universities; but a number of Georgian newspapers are now printed, and Georgian and Russian dramas are played alternately in the theatres. Most important of all, Georgian has become the official language of private and public business.

An unusually early and severe winter made it impossible for us to get out into the country. We stayed in Tiflis with the exception of a few days to Kachetia, the best wine district of Georgia, where we visited a government vineyard. Unhappily it rained constantly during

this little excursion, so that we hardly left the hospitable house of the manager. The few sunny hours we were able to be out-of-doors impressed upon us the difficulty of maintaining passable highways in a country subject to so inclement a climate. I was certainly glad when we got back on solid ground, for during our two hours' trip we rode first along the bed of a roaring mountain brook, and then through mud half-a-meter deep. Our Georgian companions regarded this as the most natural thing in the world, but I was in constant dread of having an involuntary bath in the river or in a mudhole.

The Georgian government is devoting great attention to the railways. The repair shops which we visited at Tiflis made an excellent impression upon us. The railway servants are the backbone of the Georgian Social Democratic Party. They deserve high honor for successfully defending the railways from robbery and ruin when the retreating Russian armies swept back through the country in the autumn and winter of 1917. They kept things going in model fashion, and hurried the troops through on their home-

ward journey before they had time to do much local damage.

We also visited the buildings of the great Consumers' Coöperative Society, a splendid organization with branches all over the country.

Wherever we went we found the people mentally alert, intensely eager to do their bit for their country. We left Georgia with regret and with tender regard for its noble people. Our chief consolation was our belief that its prosperity was at length assured, and that we might speedily witness here the rise of a proud, prosperous, and progressive Socialist state. This hope has been destroyed by recent events. We have heard with bitterness and pain how the Bolshevik armies swept through peaceful Georgia. Our hearts sink when we think how our comrades and friends must now witness the ruin of the things to which they had been devoting their lives and labor. The half-healed wounds of the war are again torn open, and a plundering and murdering horde is now marching from town to town, and from village to village, converting the beautiful country into a sea of blood and a mass of ruin.

THE MAN FROM BUENOS AIRES

BY SCHALEM-ALEJCHEM

[Translated from the Yiddish]

From *Leipziger Volkszeitung* April 11, 12, 14
(MODERATE SOCIALIST DAILY)

OUR acquaintance started like most acquaintances on a railway train, with some such commonplace remark as: 'Do you know what station this is?' or, 'How late are we now?' or, 'Do you happen to have a match about you?'

We were soon friends, as if we had known each other all our lives. At the first station where we stopped for a few minutes, he took me by the arm and marched me to the buffet, and without asking whether I drank or

not, ordered two glasses of cognac. A moment afterwards, he motioned to me to have something to eat, and as we sampled the *hors-d'œuvres* on the dining-room sideboard he ordered a couple of glasses of beer, picked out a cigar for himself and one for me, and our friendship was firmly cemented.

'I want to tell you honestly, without flattery,' said my new friend, when we resumed our seats in the car, 'that you please me. You may believe it or not, but from the first moment I saw you I took a liking to you. I said to myself at once: "There's a man worth talking to." You know, I hate nothing like sitting in a train all day dumb as a clam. That's why I took a third-class ticket. I knew I'd have company. Generally I go second-class. Take my word for it, I could go first-class if I wanted to. Perhaps you think I'm bragging. Now look here.'

As he spoke my new acquaintance pulled a pocketbook from his hip pocket, with a great roll of bills in it, slapped his hand down upon it, and stuck it away again.

'Don't be disturbed. There's more where that came from.'

I studied my remarkable fellow traveler, and could form absolutely no opinion as to his age. He might be forty, and then again not more than in the late twenties. His face was round, smooth-shaven and deeply tanned. There was n't the sign of a beard or mustache. He had little oily, laughing eyes. Taken as a whole he was a small, plump, active, vivacious man, faultlessly neat, in elegant attire. I like to see men dressed as he was; a snowy white shirt with gold studs, a rich tie with a beautiful pin in it, a new stylish blue suit of genuine English cheviot; a pair of solid, substantial, well-polished shoes; a heavy but artistic gold ring on his finger, set with a single diamond which sparkled with a thousand colors

in the sunlight. The ring alone could not have cost less than four or five hundred.

'Yes, yes, my dear friend. You see I can easily ride second-class. Do you think I want to economize? Money's nothing to me. Believe it or not, but I really like third-class. I like it because I'm a man of simple tastes and I like ordinary common people. I'm what you might call a democrat. I started out at the foot of the ladder, — way down at the very bottom.'

As he said this my acquaintance bent over and waved his hand close to the floor to indicate how small his beginning was.

'I kept getting up farther and farther.'

He waved his hand toward the roof to indicate his present height.

'I did n't do it all at once. Don't try to get everything in a hurry. I merely plodded on steadily, just a teaspoonful at a time. First I was a young fellow among the rest. I say a young fellow. It took a long time, I tell you, even to be rated among the young fellows. When I think back, of my childhood — believe me or not as you wish — my hair fairly stands on end. I never allow my mind to dwell on it. I don't permit it. You may perhaps think it was because I was unhappy. You may think I am ashamed of my origin. But that's not it. I tell everybody who I am. If a person asks where I came from, and the like, I'm not ashamed to tell him I was born in Soschmaken. Do you know where that is, Soschmaken? It's a little town in Courland, not far from Mitau. It's a little town that I could buy entire to-day, if I cared to do it. Maybe, though, the place has changed and become larger. I don't know. But in my time all Soschmaken — believe me or not — was something you could pass from hand to hand like a basket of

vegetables from one market-woman to another.

'So I was brought up in this Soschmaken. The most I remember of it is having my ears boxed, being beaten, seeing red sparks before my eyes, having black and blue bruises on my body, and being hungry all the time. You know there is nothing I remember as vividly as I do being hungry. I was born hungry; being hungry is the first thing I can remember; hunger and faintness. Do you know what pine pitch is? It trickles down the trunks of pine trees, and violinists use it instead of rosin. I practically lived on it, believe me or not, a whole summer. That was the summer my stepfather, a pug-nosed tailor, wrenched my arm out of joint and drove me from my mother's house. I ran away from Soschmaken to Mitau. Look at my hand, here. You can still see the effects.'

My new acquaintance pulled up his sleeve and, exhibiting what appeared to me to be a perfectly sound arm, continued:

'I lived around Mitau half-starved, half-naked, slunk about in alleys until I got my first job. I led around an old Jew prayer leader. This prayer leader had once been a famous chanter. He lost his sight in his old age and had to have someone to guide him, so I got the job. It was n't a bad one altogether. However, I could n't stand the old man's whims. He never was satisfied, never for a single moment. He was always grumbling and nagging me and pinching me. He insisted that I was not taking him where he wanted to go. I don't know to-day where he really did want to go. He was a fearful, capricious, ill-tempered old chap. But in spite of that he made up all sorts of fairy tales about me. He used to boast that my parents had gone over to Christianity, and been baptized, and

wanted to baptize me, and that he personally had saved me — at great danger to himself — from the hands of Christians. I had to listen to all these fairy tales with a sober face. More than that, he made me back up his yarns.

'I soon saw that my prayer leader did not profit me much, so I jumped my job and skipped out to Libau. I half starved there for a time, and finally joined a party of pauper emigrants. These emigrants intended to get out of the country by the first boat going to Buenos Aires. I begged them to take me with them. They told me they could not help me; it did n't depend on them, but on a committee. The committee settled who was to go. So I hurried to the committee and cried and implored and did my best to be sent to Buenos Aires.

'If you struck me dead for it, I could n't have told you what Buenos Aires was. The others were going there and I wanted to go too. It was n't until we reached Buenos Aires that I learned we were really headed for another place, and that Buenos Aires was merely a distributing city from which we were sent to different destinations. As soon as we landed, our names were put on a list and we were shipped off to a place Adam himself never saw. Just listen. There was n't a single thing there. But they set us all to work. Want to know what kind of work? Better not ask. Our ancestors in Egypt surely never had to do what we did. And all their sufferings, as told in the stories of their stay in Egypt, were not a tenth of what we endured. Tradition has it that our forefathers had to knead clay and make brick and build *Issom* and *Ramses*. That was luxury! Did they ever try the way we did to subdue and cultivate the arid prairies with their bare hands? Prairies covered with thorn thickets? And to handle great savage oxen that could

kill a man with a toss of the head? And to tame wild horses which you had to chase a hundred miles before you caught them, and generally fail then? Mosquitoes which ate you up alive every night. Nothing but old stale biscuits to eat that tasted as if they were made out of stone. Slimy water to drink, full of wiggling worms. Believe me or not, when I saw my face reflected in clear water it frightened me. The skin peeled off, my eyes were inflamed, my hands and feet were torn till they bled.

"So that's you, Motek of Soschmenken?" I said to myself, and burst out laughing. And that same day I spat at the great oxen and the wild horses and the dry prairies and slimy water, and started off on foot for Buenos Aires.

'It looks to me as though there must be a fine bar in this station we're coming to. Look in your time table and see if we don't have time to take something? It will strengthen us to go on with the story.'

After a bit of luncheon, washed down with some beer, and another cigar each — fine, fragrant, genuine *Havanas* straight from Buenos Aires — we again took our seats in the car and my new acquaintance continued the story of his life.

'Buenos Aires, let me tell you, is the finest place that's been built since God made the world. Have you ever been in America? In New York? No? Never? And in London? No? In Madrid? Constantinople? Paris? Not any of those places? Then I've no way of telling you what Buenos Aires is like. I can only say that it's a great ocean, and hell. A hell and a paradise. I mean to say that for some men it's hell, and for others heaven. But if you keep your eyes open and hit it just right you can make a fortune there. Believe me or not, you can pick up money in the streets. Yes, people walk

around on gold, bend over, just stoop down and shovel it up by the handful. But, take care that someone does n't step on you while you're doing it. The secret of it all is never to stand still. Don't stop to think about risks. Pay no attention to any sort of proprieties. Everything goes. Take a job as a waiter in a restaurant; that's all right. Start in as a shop boy; that's all right. Wash glasses in a bar — that's all right. Peddle newspapers in the streets — that's all right. Wash dogs — that's all right; feed cats — that's all right; catch mice — that's all right. In a word anything's all right. I've tried them all. But one thing I learned. Work for others and you'll be a poor devil all your life. The thing to do is to make others work for you. What are we to do if God made the world so the other fellow has to sweat to make beer while I drink it; or the other fellow has to sweat to make cigars while I smoke them? The locomotive driver runs the engine, the fireman shovels coal, the yardman greases the wheels, and you and I sit here in the car comfortable and tell stories. If you don't like it, all you've got to do is to make the world over again.'

As I observe my companion I become increasingly curious as to what he really is. A rich upstart? Some former sweatshop workman in America who now has a clothing-factory of his own? Possibly a real manufacturer, or a tenement-house owner. Even perhaps a capitalist living on his interest. But I'll let him run on. He'll tell the story better if he is not interrupted.

'Believe me or not as you like, I am no thief. I am no robber. I am no swindler. I am an honest merchant. I deal square. I trick no one. I buy what I have. There is none of your pig-in-a-poke business with me. I sell goods the world knows but does n't talk about. Why? Because the world is too wise

and shrewd. They don't want to have black called black and white called white. They prefer to have things turned round and black called white and white called black.'

I observe my man from Buenos Aires more intently, and say to myself: 'God in heaven! Who is he anyway? What *is* his business? Why does he jabber along like this, black white, white black?' But I restrain my impulse to interrupt him and ask, 'My dear sir, what are your goods anyway?' and instead, let him run on.

'Let's see, where were we? — Oh, my business in Buenos Aires. But my business is n't in Buenos Aires. My business is, if you take it right, all over the world — in Paris, London, Budapest, Boston. The principal office, however, is in Buenos Aires. It's really too bad we're not there now. I'd show you my head office and my clerks. All my clerks live well; as well as Rothschild. We stick strictly to the eight-hour day. A young man is regarded as a young man in my employ. Do you know why? Because I myself keep a young man. There are three of us owners now. Formerly there were only two. I have been the right hand of the business. I can say that I carry it on my shoulders; buying goods, appraising goods, sorting goods. I keep things under my own eyes. Believe me or not, I merely have to look at an article and can tell you at a glance what it's worth and where it is to go. But having a good eye is not enough in our business. You have to have what you might call a sharp nose too. You must have a keen scent for new business, for where you can make a good trade; and also where you are not likely to break your head or get cornered. Make a single false step and you're done for. Some trifling blunder and you get the public after you. You have some kind of a row in the papers.

The papers are always ready for rows. If they get hold of a sensation, that's what they like best. I don't mean that we do anything illegal. We have the police on our side. If I were to tell you the amount of money the police cost us you would be appalled. A little bribe of ten, fifteen, or twenty thousand, we forget next day.'

As he said this my man made a gesture as if he were throwing a few thousand marks out of the car window. As he did so the big diamond on his finger sparkled, and the man from Buenos Aires paused a moment and observed me closely to see whether his make-believe thousands had dazzled me.

'And if a man has to pay more, do you suppose it makes trouble? All the members of my firm have confidence in each other. I mean all three partners. We take each other's word for it, how many thousands we pay for police bribery. We trust each other implicitly as to the expenses. We take each other's word. No one would conceal a thing from his partner. And suppose a man tried to do it; it would go bad with him. We know each other mighty well. And the places where we do business? We know all the world like our vest pocket. Each one has his own personal agents and spies. What do you suppose? Business based on a mutual confidence cannot be done differently. . . . Don't you think it's high time we got a little exercise at this next station and wet our throats again?'

With this sudden ejaculation my companion grabbed my arm and we hurried to the vestibule of the train as it slowed down. At the station buffet we had a couple of lemonades. My friend drank with an enviable thirst. But all the time I was puzzling about his business. Why was he so lavish with his money? Why should he have

the police of the whole world in his pocket? Why should he need agents and spies? What kind of smuggling was he doing? Stolen goods? Imitation diamonds? Or was he merely a crazy boaster, probably one of those chaps whose sole ambition is to make a big impression when he gets away from home? We drummers have a slang name for them — 'Wholesalers.' However that may be, we each take a fresh cigar, resume our seats in the train, and the man from Buenos Aires rattles on:

'Let's see, where were we? Oh, my partners. I mean my present partners. Formerly they were my bosses and I was, as I just said, their clerk, their young man. It would be a lie for me to say that they were bad bosses. How could they be bad to me when I was as loyal as a dog to them? A dollar of theirs was just as much to me as a dollar of my own. And I made enemies on their account, bitter enemies. Yes, there have been times when people tried to poison me because I stood by them. I mean literally poison me. So I can say without boasting that I was a faithful servant. No one could have been more faithful. To be sure I did n't forget myself; a man never should do that. A man should always bear in mind that he is alive only today, and to-morrow — ? Ha! Ha! There is no sense in thinking only of the other fellow. Have n't I got hands, and feet, and a tongue? And did n't I know that they could n't get along without me for a single day. They could n't and I did n't intend they should. There are secrets in our business, lots of them. More than in any other. So I thought the matter over to myself, and one fine morning I go to my principals, and talk to them about like this: "Good-bye, gentlemen." They stare at me. "What do you mean by that?" "Good-bye," I say. "That

means, Ta, ta. Farewell." Then they say, "What's the trouble?" And I say, "How long is it going to take?" Then they look at each other again and ask how much money I have. Then I say to them: "Whatever the amount, it will be enough for present needs, and if it's rather small at first, God is our Father and Buenos Aires is a city." Naturally they understand me. Why should n't they? And so we were partners from that day; three partners, each with an equal share of the business. We have no difference that way. Each one alike, whatever God provides. . . . Neither are we always rowing with each other. Why should we? We are doing well and our business is growing. The world is getting bigger and our goods more costly. Each takes what he needs for personal expenses from the common capital. We are all liberal spenders. Take me alone, with no wife or children. Believe me or not, as you like, I spend three times as much as the average man with a wife and children. What I give for charity every year would be a good income for most men. Do you know, there is hardly anything in the world that I don't spend money on; poor-houses, hospitals, emigrant homes, concerts. Buenos Aires is some city, and there are plenty of other towns. Palestine, believe me or not, costs me a lot of money. Not long ago I got a note from a *Jeschivah* in Jerusalem. It was a fine letter, with the arms of David and a big seal, and witnessed by rabbis. It was addressed directly to me, with this fine title: "To the honored, distinguished, great gentleman, Mordchai." Aha! I think to myself, if you kind gentlemen have showed me so much respect I cannot be a piker, and will have to send you a few hundred. So you see I am giving away all the time.

'And what do you suppose about my

native town — Soschmaken? Soschmaken gets from me — believe it or not — every year a whole hatful of money. Every day they want something else. In Soschmaken this happens and that happens. I'm not talking now about the poor-money, for festival days. Every Passover, one hundred marks. This is a regular thing. I'm on my way to Soschmaken now. I know already it will cost me a thousand to get away. What did I say? A thousand? I'll be glad if it's twice that. That's a mere trifle. I have n't been there for a long time now, not since I was a boy. Ha! Ha! Soschmaken is my home. I know beforehand that the whole town will be on tiptoe. People will be standing in the streets to see me. There'll be a general shout: "Motek has come! Motek from Buenos Aires!" A celebration! Take it from me, they're waiting for me as if I were the Messiah. Oh, but they're frightfully poor! I let them know from every stop-over that I'm coming. I wire each day: "I am on my way. — Motek." I personally — believe me or not — wish I were there already. I just want to get my eyes on Soschmaken again — kiss the ground there, kiss the dust of the streets! What's Buenos Aires to me? What's New York? What's London? What's Paris? Ha! Ha! Soschmaken is my home after all.'

The man was fairly transformed as he said this. The whole expression of his countenance changed; he looked younger — younger and handsomer. The little oily eyes shone with a new glow of joy, pride, love. It was genuine unaffected love. It's a shame that I don't know yet what his business is. But he leaves me no time to think as he rattles on.

"You are wondering why I am going to Soschmaken? Partly I want to see the town, and partly I want to see the

graves. I've got a father and mother and brothers and sisters in a graveyard there. The whole family. And maybe I'll take the opportunity to get married. There's a limit to this bachelor business, and I want to marry in Soschmaken, my home town. I want to marry one of my own kind. I've already written about it to friends, asking them to look round for me. They've written back that I need n't worry about it, that there are plenty of girls who will be glad to have me. Yes, I'm a little cracked on that subject. They tried to get me married in Buenos Aires. Believe me or not, I might have some of the finest beauties in the world. Yes, the Sultan of Turkey could n't have done better. But I've always said, "No, I'm going to Soschmaken to get married." I want some respectable girl I know about; a Jewish girl. She may be as poor as poverty; that makes no difference. I'll provide the money. I'll make her parents comfortable. I'll be a rich uncle to the whole family. I'll take her to Buenos Aires myself, and provide for her like a princess. She'll not have to lift her finger. I'll make her as happy, believe me or not, as any woman in the world. All she'll have to think about will be running the household, her husband and her children. My boys are going to be professional men: one a doctor, one an engineer, and another a lawyer. I'll send my daughters, if I have any, to the most exclusive Jewish boarding-school. Do you know where? To Frankfurt.'

While he is talking the conductor comes for our tickets. In a moment the passengers are on the move. Each one who has to change cars grabs his luggage. The man from Buenos Aires helps me get my things together. As he does so he says:

"It's too bad you're not going on. It's awfully dull with no one to talk to."

'What's a man to do? Business first.'

'Quite true. Business first. I think I'll go on from here second-class. Thank God, I could travel first-class.'

' . . . I beg pardon for interrupting, but — just a moment. I want to ask you something.'

'What?'

' . . . I'd like to know' — the train whistles now — 'What is your business?'

'My business? Ha! Ha! Well, I'm not peddling prayer books!'

I am already on the platform, and the man from Buenos Aires stands leaning out the vestibule, beaming on me with his smooth, self-satisfied countenance, a fragrant cigar between his teeth. As the train pulls away, the last words I hear him call back to me are, 'Ha! Ha! I don't peddle prayer books! I don't peddle prayer books!'

NIKOLAS GOGOL

BY PARIJANINE

From *L'Humanité*, April 4
(OFFICIAL SOCIALIST DAILY)

How intoxicating, how opulent, is a summer's day in Little Russia. How languishingly the hours burn when noon glows in its heat and silence, and when the azure sky, a measureless ocean, a dome voluptuously covering the earth, seems asleep, altogether drowned in its own softness, crushing all beauty into its aerial embraces! Not a cloud in the sky. In the fields, not the least sound. One might say all is dead save that, far above, in the depths of the firmament, a lark shrills, and his silvery songs come racing down the steps of the air to the amorous earth; or, oftener, it is the cry of a gull or the ringing tone of a quail hidden on the steppes. As idle and as thoughtless as men who stroll without purpose, the oak trees rise toward the vault of heaven. A dazzling column of sunlight illuminates certain picturesque masses of the foliage, while others are surrounded with deep shadow like night. Or else, only the strong breeze makes them glow as if with plates of gold. Emeralds, topazes, ethereal forms of insects swarm over the herbs which the slender stalks of sunflowers overshadow. Great heaps of hay, golden

sheaves of wheat cover the field, and seem to wander in their wide expanse. Weighed down by the heaviness of the fruits, the great branches of the wild-cherry trees, of the plum trees, and the pear trees . . . the sky with its limpid mirror . . . the river bank from which the green shrubs rise proudly — what delight, what sweet languor in this summer's day in Little Russia. — *The Sorotchinsky Fair*.

WHEN he made his appearance in Petrograd in 1828, Gogol, a child of the South, as rich in hopes as in memories, ignored his true destiny.

It is a beautiful piece of marble, of which it is said, 'Shall it be a God, a table, or a basin?'

'It shall be a God,' cried the spirited South Russian. 'The God of humor, of irony, of good cheer — the God of living nature, the frank companion of the warm sunlight.'

You can see him, the son of a good family, greedy for success. You can see the features of this nineteen-year-old

youngster, sharp with the nose of the Gogol legend which pierces and dilates. That fleshy mouth, those clear eyes, the carefully brushed hair! That gleaming collar with high cravat, almost as dashing as a whole shawl would have been, that dandified frock coat, almost that of an impudent person, 'the smoky color of Navarin with flame,' those smooth, soft pumps — such was his entrance into the world that was to be conquered.

St. Petersburg gave him a dull reception. In place of 'a radiant chamber facing toward the Neva,' ridiculous difficulties and, soon, misery beyond words kept him in a back court with walls and impenetrable mists. The man of destiny — he judged himself that — beat as a suppliant at the gates of salons and administrative offices. Under the cruel snow, he was compelled to wear his thin summer overcoat and while the frozen flakes whirled around him, he saw fall one by one his provincial illusions.

Oh, the simple joy of having a good coat in winter! Above all, the joy of not being the poverty-stricken wretch whom stupid people and prosperous people despise! Later, he was to tell those pleasures in that humble yet marvelous story of Akaki Akakievitch, who lived to know them, and who died from lacking them. This story of *The Coat*, finished abroad in 1840, marks the discovery of a literary *genre* and it marks, more than that, a great manifestation of the Russian soul — compassionate, never content, always in revolt.

A 'prominent man' asks: 'Who is he?'

'Your Excellency,' replies his lackey, 'he is some sort of petty official.'

'In that case, he can wait,' replies His Excellency.

But the little official, the innocent Akaki Akakievitch (a name made to

amuse 'clever people') was to die and return as a phantom to torment His Excellency.

Gogol, in his misery, had made a new discovery. The literary method of 1830, essentially romantic, is the study of national characteristics and customs. Gogol *discovered* Little Russia. He was to make what is to-day known as *littérature régionaliste*. Observe that it is a double discovery, for it reveals to him his own genius, his true vocation. He writes his delicious, facetious, idyllic, and satiric *Evenings at the Farm of Dikanka* and, to begin with, *The Sorotchinsky Fair*, of which I have already quoted the first page — the opening, it may be well to add. This *Fair* and the *Watch of Saint Jean*, and the *Night of May*, and *Stolen Documents* constituted his first volume (1831). Gogol, yesterday unknown, was greeted by Pushkin in all his glory, as his heir.

If the style of Pushkin makes one think of that of Voltaire, the style of Gogol presents analogies to that of Flaubert. It is a gigantic link between two contemporaries. There are not, I dare say, more than two impeccable prose stylists in all the finer Russian literature; and those two are certainly Pushkin and Gogol.

But the grand style is no more than an instrument by which a profound sensitiveness and strong thought immortalize themselves. Gogol after he became master of his art, wrote his comedy *The Inspector* and his novel, or, as he insisted, his poem, *Dead Souls*. The circumstances make it necessary in Russia for every writer of note to become a famous citizen. Gogol is going to live and die with the tragic evolution of his thought intimately associated with the religious, political, and social destinies of his country. He is going to make of himself an accuser and a prophet.

LABOR AND POLITICS IN ENGLAND

BY G. H. D. COLE

[The refusal of the British railway unions and transport unions to stand by their 'Triple Alliance' ally, the miners, in the coal strike, has caused a profound shock to organized labor in the United Kingdom. Mr. Cole is a well-known English student of labor questions, and a prolific writer upon guild socialism and labor topics.]

From *The Outlook*, May 2
(LONDON MODERATE CONSERVATIVE WEEKLY)

THE collapse of the Triple Alliance strike-threat was followed by a big revulsion of feeling in the Labor world. It was recognized that Labor's big gun had failed to go off at the critical moment; and this caused Trades Unionists to think more seriously than before about the basis of their organizations and the methods of working necessitated by the growing magnitude of the modern Trades-Union movement.

Great hopes had, indeed, been built in some quarters upon the apparently imposing strength of the Triple Alliance. But from the first there were many who discounted this apparent strength, and knew full well that the conditions which had from the first been regarded as necessary in order to make the Alliance an effective instrument of industrial action had never been fulfilled. The idea of the Alliance arose naturally in the minds of the leaders of the three groups concerned, as a result of their experience in the years before the war. They found, in 1911, that a succession of transport strikes repeatedly threw the miners out of employment, and they found in 1912, and in South Wales in 1911 also, that a mining strike produced a similar reaction upon railwaymen and transport workers. This being so, it was natural that the idea should arise in their minds of

forming a single body for coöperative action, embracing all three groups. If, it was urged, they could so arrange as to make their various agreements lapse at the same moment, they would be able to make one strike grow where three grew before, and very probably, with the added strength which united action would bring, to obviate the necessity for any strike at all. Thus, their central idea was that all three bodies should take action together, but that each should take action for the remedy of its own particular grievances. The idea was not primarily that when one body became involved in a dispute, the other bodies should call out their members in sympathy with it.

From the first, it was evident that there would be very great difficulties in realizing the conditions which were regarded as essential to ensure the success of the Triple Alliance. It is not easy to arrange that agreements in a number of different industries shall lapse simultaneously, or that disputes shall arise only at the moment chosen by those organizations. A dispute may be precipitated from the other side; and, in fact, the strikes which have taken place in all three industries, since the conclusion of the Alliance, have occurred, not at moments of the Unions' choosing but when a dispute has been

precipitated either by some action of the Government or by the employers. Thus, it was no surprise to those who had followed with attention the development of the Alliance that at the critical moment, a few weeks ago, the great gun should fail to go off.

Indeed, the huge-scale organization to which the Labor movement has now attained, clearly raises up big new problems which will have to be settled. There is hardly an important industry or group of workers that has not been touched by the movement for closer combination during the last two or three years. The result has been that, although a very large number of small Unions still remain in existence, the policy of the whole Trades-Union movement is in practice now determined by a quite small number of very large societies of 100,000 members or more. The effective use of these new large-scale combinations clearly demands a different strategy from that which sufficed for the comparatively small and often localized Unions of a generation ago. Moreover, if large-scale combination has made big strides among the workers, it has made even greater strides among the employers. On the employers' side, there is hardly an industry now that is not closely integrated into an effective combination which takes common action on all matters affecting wages, conditions of employment, and labor policy generally. Thus, even a small local dispute, arising at a particular works, is far more likely than it used to be treated by either side as a matter of principle, and thus to lead on to a generalized dispute. The existence of large-scale representative organizations on the side of both employers and workers undoubtedly makes negotiation easier and prevents a great number of small disputes from occurring; but it has also the result that, when a dispute does occur, it is far more serious and far

more likely to bring the whole of the industry concerned to a standstill, even if it does not also necessarily involve other industries in which the employers and workers are not directly parties to it.

Thus, the big consolidation of forces which has taken place among both employers and workers, and the big influx of new members who were previously unorganized, into both the Trades Unions and the employers' associations, have had the effect, especially in face of the necessity for drastic readjustments in industry, following upon the conclusion of the war, of confronting two great mass organizations which have to an increasing extent divergent views concerning the proper method of conducting industry. This tends to make the patched-up local compromises of the last generation no longer possible.

There is no doubt that the experience of the last few years has given to the organized workers a much greater sense of their indispensability to Society and of the power which resides in their organizations. At the same time, the new doctrines which were already beginning to spread before the war, and still more the actual experiences of the workshops under war conditions, have stimulated a widespread, though still imperfectly formulated, demand for a more democratic form of industrial organization. The workers in most of the important industries are demanding what they call 'workers' control.' The claim assumes different forms according to the particular circumstances of each industry, and expresses itself sometimes, as in the case of the mines, in a demand for public ownership accompanied by the concession of a real share in administrative control to the workers, and sometimes, as in the engineering industry, in the demand for workshop control, which is widely associated with the shop-stewards' movement. The growth of these

new demands has undoubtedly alarmed the employers and made them, for the time being at least, less willing to grant concessions which they fear may lead to radical changes in the conduct of industry. Thus, the change in the state of mind and attitude towards the industrial system which has taken place among the workers also serves to increase the possibility of industrial conflict.

Meanwhile, the Labor movement has developed very greatly on the political side. The word 'Socialist' has, very largely lost its meaning. A so-called 'Socialist' leader, like Mr. Ramsay Macdonald or Mr. Philip Snowden, may be far more out of sympathy with 'left-wing' tendencies in the Labor movement than many Trades-Union leaders who do not call themselves 'Socialists.' The Independent Labor Party, which obtained a reputation for 'Left Wingism' as a result of its opposition to the war, cannot be fairly described in any sense as a 'left wing' within the Labor Party itself. The categories of Socialist and non-Socialist Labor have, in fact, lost their significance. What has happened is that practically the whole of the articulate sections of the organized working-class movement have swung definitely towards a more Socialistic conception of the future of Society; and the Trades Unions, in many cases, though they have not adopted the name 'Socialist,' have moved considerably to the left of the orthodox 'Socialist' leaders.

I do not believe that, if a General Election were held in the near future, there is the slightest chance that the Labor Party would come back with a majority. Still less do I believe that there is any possibility of a universal strike or of a catastrophic overthrow of the present forms of Government. Nor, I think, would most of the leaders of Labor, either of the right or the left

wing, be able to regard with unmixed satisfaction the prospect of an immediate assumption of power; for they realize that the muddles which the country has made, and is still making, both of its internal policy and of the fortunes of Europe and of the world, would prove a most embarrassing legacy for any Government — particularly any constitutional Government — that was called upon to assume power at the present time. But, even if Labor after the next election goes back not as a majority but as a much larger minority of Parliament, that proves very little either way. For the view of many of the leaders of Labor is that it is practically inevitable that, within a comparatively short period, Labor should be called upon to assume the authority of Government, if only because the policy which is at present being pursued by its political adversaries is bound, before long, to end in manifest break-down.

It may be possible for a few years more to cover up sufficiently the fact that we cannot really make our budgets balance or restore our industries to any sort of prosperity while we have the present burden of debt hanging round our necks; but there is a limit to the length of time for which plain facts like this can be ignored, and Governments which only succeed in making them worse as the years go by be maintained in power. It may well be that Labor will rise to power, as most Governments have risen in the past, on the strength less of its own positive appeal than of the utter weariness of the electors with the usual alternatives to it.

My fear, and the fear of a good many more in the Labor movement, is that, when Labor comes to power, far from being dominated by a 'left-wing' minority, which will desire to take drastic action, it will be unduly timid in facing the very difficult problems with which

it will have to deal. For the plain fact that we have to confront is that the whole system of European civilization is in jeopardy, and that, unless there is a fundamental departure from the policy which is being pursued, the dissolution of the existing system is likely to take place without the creation of any tolerable alternative to it. I believe that the new forces which are stirring in the world both politically and industrially are gradually formulating and making possible an alternative. The growing demand for democratic control in industry is laying the foundations of a new industrial order based on a willing coöperation in production of all those who are necessary to its successful conduct. The gradual growth of a political consciousness among the organized workers is preparing the way for a fundamental reconstruction of our po-

litical system on a basis of more real democracy of popular control. The thwarting of these developments by the constantly more determined resistance to change of the parties and classes which now possess power and wealth in the community, so far from ensuring the stability of the present system, is only weakening that system without providing or allowing the provision of any alternative to it.

In no case can the transition be easy; but I believe that a possibility of any transition at all, or of any continuance of a civilized life for the greater part of Europe, depends absolutely on the extent to which the organized Labor movement is able to equip itself for the exercise of industrial and political power, and to master the problems which the growth of large-scale organization is every day presenting to it.

DOG DAYS—AND NIGHTS!

BY A. P. H.

From *Punch*, May 5

THERE is something about dogs . . .

But I must begin by saying that I am spending a week-end with a friend of mine in the country. He is one of that increasing army of literary men for whom Sussex is a large county entirely surrounded by England, and he lives at the little village of Pinchinhoe (pronounced *Pud-oo*). I may say that he went there for quiet, for his health, and for literary work.

When one is within a mile of it the essential character of the village becomes plain. It is a dogs' village. Here and there in the charming coun-

try-side there are traces, it is true, of the ancient industries of the place; thus by the wayside you may see a derelict plough, an abandoned hoe; in the field there is a rusty harrow rapidly disappearing in the rank neglected vegetation. In the wide marshes by the river there stands a forlorn and lonely bullock or two; on the Downs one may detect with a high-power glass a solitary sheep, nosing disconsolate the empty trough and heavily weighted with a surfeit of wool, which no man will remove. In their little gardens the cottagers and the gentry make gentle

gestures of cultivation — here it is a sweet-pea, there a nasturtium — but no serious pretence is made that there is any other purpose in their lives than the upkeep of each other's dogs. Of other animals only the cow and the horse are encouraged to exist in any quantity, the cow to provide milk for the dogs and the horse to fetch the new dogs from the station.

The chief meeting-place of the dogs of the village is in the little square by the pub, where at almost any moment of the day it is possible to obtain a superb view of the entire herd. It is here that they assemble to decide which of the residents or visitors they shall take for a walk. The rule is that no dog shall ever go for a walk with his own proprietor, and as you saunter through the square on your way to the Downs you are subjected to a rigid scrutiny. The number of dogs, however, is so large in proportion to the number of persons that even the least worthy of us is fairly sure of a retinue of at least four dogs. I myself proceeded one evening on a solitary stroll to the Concrete Dew-Pond, in order to catch newts, accompanied by one greyhound, one mastiff, one black woolly animal disguised as a retriever, one something-haired thingummy and an Irish terrier.

While the dogs gamboled and frisked among themselves in front it was pleasant to amble along in tranquil meditation, pausing only to rescue two goats moored by the wayside from the assaults of the greyhound, or to prevent the Irish terrier from being eaten alive by the mastiff; it was pleasant to sit in the sun by the pond, catching newts, though it is true that my efforts were largely neutralized by the black woolly dog disguised as a retriever, who insisted on rushing violently into the pond and, with the marvelous instinct of animals, attempting to retrieve the newt before it was caught.

But never mind; I sat there in perfect peace, composing a poem on 'The Sussex Newt,' which I find, by the way, is strangely like any other newt, only fatter. Nothing marred the dreaming solitude of the Downs save only the black dog shaking his large wet frame all over me, and the greyhound plunging playfully about the pond, and the mastiff leaping affectionately on my back or lovingly worrying my hat, and the Irish terrier pursuing the one last solitary sheep with wild cries into the distance. . . .

There is something about a crowd of dogs . . .

In the late evenings the inhabitants take their daily exercise; the game is for everyone to concentrate in the square and pretend to be gossiping, so that the dogs may begin to have fights and commit crimes; then everyone rushes about in a masterful way with large sticks, pretending to stop the dogs. But the rule seems to be that no owner must ever interfere with his own dog, so that the game is often kept up for quite a long time. Special paraphernalia are, of course, required for this purpose; a special flock of hens is kept close to the road; the smallest child in the village is urged across the square with a jug of beer in order that the mastiff may try to upset it; herds of cows, frisky horses and mean men on bicycles are hired (I suspect) to proceed backwards and forwards through the square in order that all the dogs may fly at them and bark ferociously.

When I went down there my friend Robert and his wife had only been living at Pinchinhoe a few weeks and they had kept themselves fairly free from the dog-fever, their only pet being a small kitten about nine inches long, called Azalea ('Zally' for short). Fortunately for me, however, Mrs. R.'s first puppy arrived by the same train as myself, so they sent the pony-cart to meet

us. The puppy was about eight inches long, and Mrs. R. said that it was a 'crossed Irish terrier.' Which part of it was Irish terrier was never revealed, but about the origin of the rest of it there was very little doubt. When I say that, I mean that he was obviously something between a pug, a poodle, a spaniel and a dachshund, especially the last. I suggested that he should be called *Hyphen*, a pretty name. Mrs. R. objected to that, and eventually, by a delicate compromise, he was christened *Siphon*, because of the curious sound he made when sucking up liquid.

Still, he was a nice little dog, and our hearts went out to him. Personally, of course, I held rather aloof, but he took up a good deal of our time. Up to this point Robert had been doing some very useful work and his health was steadily improving. From that day he began to go back. It was generally agreed that little *Siphon* would be a pleasant companion for little *Zally*; in fact everybody agreed about this except *Siphon* and *Zally*. When *Siphon* saw *Zally* he made a fierce noise, and *Zally* fled out into the night, concealing herself in an impenetrable wood-yard. In the small hours, when *Siphon* had been tenderly put to bed with his hotwater bottle, *Zally* walked round to the back and irritated a sheep-dog, who gave tongue without ceasing for one hour. The noise of the sheep-dog infuriated a young fox-hound called *Bachelor*, who is being 'walked' by the people next door, and he bayed profoundly at intervals of twenty seconds, until *Siphon* awoke and began to whimper like a small child.

Siphon spent the rest of the night in Robert's bed. *Zally* spent the whole of the next day at 'The Green Cow.'

Two days later Robert's dog, little *Vivian*, arrived, a pure-bred Sealyham with a pedigree many times longer than himself. The idea of little *Vivian* was that he would be a nice companion for

little *Siphon*. Unfortunately he was only six inches long, and he had the nervous temperament that sometimes goes with aristocratic and over-refined natures. When he saw *Siphon* he made a noise the like of which I have never heard before, something between the cry of a baby, the cry of a wolf-hound, the cry of a parrot, the cry of a cat and the cry of a young steam-siren. As I write he is still making it. He has demoralized the whole household. Little *Siphon*, who was quite at home, has begun again his peculiar whimper; little *Zally*, who had returned repentant from 'The Green Cow,' sits and mews with increasing irritation in a dark corner; outside, in the night, the melancholy baying of the fox-hound, the awesome howling of the sheep-dog and the distant barking of innumerable dogs, hounds and puppies all over the South Downs make a weird and tragic chorus to the scene.

All work has been abandoned; Robert is worn to a shadow; we make no serious attempt to have regular meals ourselves; only now and then we snatch a hasty sandwich or drink a very strong drink. We have divided the night into watches, and at precise intervals *Siphon* and *Vivian* are given a new hot bottle or plied with steaming bowls of hot milk. When this is done they slowly swell like penny balloons, and one waits for them to explode with loud reports; but for a moment or two the tumult is stilled.

At five o'clock the whole household stands to arms. . . .

Favoritism is rife. Robert says that *Siphon* is ill-bred and brusque in manner, and so he is, while Mrs. Robert makes no secret of her contempt for the foppish effeminacy of little *Vivian*. They labor with impartial devotion in the service of both, but I am afraid that relations are strained.

As for me, I no longer hold aloof. There is something about dogs . . .

A PAGE OF VERSE

HYMN TO MOLOCH

BY RALPH HODGSON

[This poem, from 'The Nation and the Athenaeum,' refers to the opposition from certain commercial interests encountered by the Plumage Bill for the protection of bird life.]

O THOU who didst furnish
The fowls of the air
With loverly feathers
For leydies to wear,
Receive this Petition
For blessin an aid,
From the principal Ouses
Engaged in the Trade.

The trouble 's as follows:
A white-livered Scum,
What if they was choked
'T would be better for some,
'S been pokin about an
Creatin a fuss
An talkin too loud to be
Ealthy for us.

Thou 'lt ardly believe
Ow damn friendly they are,
They say there's a time
In the future not far
When birds worth good money'll
Waste by the ton
An the Trade can look
Perishin pleased to look on;

With best lines in Paradies
Equal to what
Is fetchin a pony
A time in the at,
An ospreys and ummins
An other choice goods
Wastefully oppin
About in the woods.

They're kiddin the papers,
An callin us names,
Not Yorkshire ones neither,
That's one of their games;

They've others as pleasin
An soakin with spite,
An it dont make us appy;
Ow can it do, quite?

We thank thee most earty
For mercies to date,
The Olesales is pickin
Nice profits per crate,
Reports from the Retails
Is pleasin to read;
We certainly thank thee
Most earty indeed.

Vouchsafe, then, to muzzle
These meddlesome swine,
An learn em to andle goods
More in their line;
Be faithful, be foxy,
Till peril is past,
An plant thy strong sword
In their livers at last.

THE SAIL

BY CYRIL G. TAYLOR

[*The Poetry Review*]

TO-DAY it is as though the rain
Had no beginning in the sky,
Nor touched the earth with its fine train
But like a spectre slanted by.

A spectre that the lost wind blows
To errantries that shape its own,
And like a sail it swells and goes,
And like a sail the wind is blown.

The hills their ancient mooring slip,
Thick ropes of mist the old woods trail,
Earth moves, a ghostly-timbered ship,
Behind that urgent, sweeping sail.

And some perceiving wraith am I,
Who watch from a forgotten strand
The shrouded ship of time steal by —
A spectral sail in sole command!

LIFE, LETTERS, AND THE ARTS

TALES FOR BOLSHEVIST CHILDREN

ALTHOUGH Bolshevik propaganda has frequently included fairy tales for foreign consumption, they are banned in the domestic literary market. In fact, under the soviet régime, the fairies are in pretty nearly as bad a way as the bourgeoisie, for fairies — as every one who has any acquaintance with them knows — are not producers of any goods recognized by economists, much less by the disciples of Lenin. Away with such foes of the Revolution!

The Literary Section of the Soviet Commissariat for Education, directed by Lunacharsky, has organized a competition for the best story for children. These are the conditions with which authors must comply who aspire to teach the young Bolshevik idea how to shoot — not, of course in a literal, military sense: —

The children's tales must be devoid of all elements of superstition, and must contain no mention of angels, fairies, evil genii, and so forth.

Kings and Princes must be described as oppressors of the masses, as they are in reality.

The Literary Section suggests as subject-matter for such tales the future of mankind, the achievements of science, technical skill, and industry.

Tales describing the life of the working masses will be especially welcome.

All mythological or religious subjects, God, and the Devil must be carefully avoided.

Alas for the Russian children! What a fate — to grow up without fairy stories! Never to make the acquaintance of that uncompromising supporter of absolute monarchy, the fairy-story king, the delectable despot who never takes off his crown. Mother Goose, *Æsop*, Hans Christian Andersen, and

other subtle propagandists of capital will never pass the frontier.

*

TYPEWRITING THE NIGHTINGALE

THE ingenious conductor of the column known as 'The Way of the World' in the London *Morning Post* has been listening to the nightingale so long that he has been seized with the mania that overtakes the writers of popular books on birds. He has tried to reduce to type the song which English poets have been content for centuries merely to praise. In the end he gives it up, but — impenitent and wholly unabashed — he makes matters worse by offering a French version:

Listening to the nightingale last night, we tried to render its exquisite song into English. It commences:

Wheet, wheat, kurr, k-u-u-r-r,

and continues:

Sweet, sweet, sweet, sweet,
Jug, jug, jug, jug, jug,
Swot, swot, swot, swotty.

But nothing we could think of was half as quaint yet correct as a rendering given in the *Life of Frank Buckland*. Here the nightingale's song is given in French in this way:

Le bon Dieu m'a donné une femme
Que j'ai tant, tant, tant, battu
Que s'il m'en donne une autre,
Je ne la batterai
Plus, plus, plus,
Qu'un petit, qu'un petit, qu'un petit.

The conclusion of the average lover either of nature or of poetry will probably be that, all things considered, he prefers Keats; for whatever

Jug, jug, jug, jug, jug,
Swot, swot, swot, swotty

may be, it certainly is neither poetry nor the nightingale.

JAPANESE ART IN ENGLAND

THE visit of the Crown Prince of Japan to the galleries of London has evoked an indignant chorus from certain art critics because he found so little of the art of his own country there. The National Gallery, as would be expected, has the least. At the British Museum — that vast storehouse of everything-under-the-sun — he found collections of Japanese paintings on silk, illuminations, and numerous prints.

The museum authorities who guided him on his tour of the collections, were at some pains to point out traces of Oriental influence wherever they appeared. He paused before a Whistler at the National Gallery where, says the *Manchester Guardian*, the presence of Whistler 'would have seemed almost as incredible to the last generation as the presence of a Crown Prince of Japan.' His attention was especially drawn to Holbein's portrait of Christiania of Denmark and to Ocello's famous battle-piece, for their semi-Oriental characteristics.

The proposal to make the Prince an LL.D. of Cambridge University where, of course, all ceremonial is still conducted in Latin, has led to mild perplexity. A writer in the London *Observer* remarks: 'I shall be interested to see what is the Latin version of Hirohito.'

*

ANOTHER CLEOPATRA

AGE has indubitably withered and custom somewhat staled the far-from-infinite variety of 'Cléopatre' as reconstructed for the *nth* time by M. A. Ferdinand Herold. Although unanimously accepted by the Comité de Lecture of the Comédie Française, the first production in Paris aroused little interest save what inevitably attaches to a fresh effort to deal with a very

much over-worked figure. M. Herold has dipped into his Suetonius, clipped gingerly from Plutarch, written a few footnotes to Shakespeare, and all to very little purpose.

The management of the Comédie Française would appear to have been afflicted with misgivings as to the play, which was staged with old scenery, adapted for the purpose in hand. French critics have nothing good to say of it.

*

FRENCH CLASSICAL STUDIES

A COMPLETE collection of Greek and Latin authors, with French translations, is to be issued by the Société des Belles Lettres. The new edition will fill the place that the Loeb Classical Library has so agreeably taken in English-speaking countries, meeting a need which has been very real in French scholarship for a long time. Each text will be edited by a competent authority and will include the results of the very latest research. It is planned to issue about 300 works within fifteen years.

*

A TRAGIC CHRISTOPHER SLY

CHRISTOPHER SLY, the drunken victim of the jest by which he is persuaded to believe himself a noble, in the Induction to Shakespeare's *The Taming of the Shrew*, has been revived as a figure of modern Italian drama by Signor Forzano, who transforms the slight fantasy of Shakespeare into a mordantly bitter tragedy in three acts.

'Sly,' in Signor Forzano's play, is a ne'er-do-well vagrant poet, who believes himself misunderstood and is in search of sympathy and love. To mask his unhappiness, he frequents all the taverns and ale-houses of London, and is a famous drinker. The scene opens at the Falcon Tavern in Fleet Street, at the beginning of the seventeenth century.

Wits, roysterers, and actors are sitting waiting for the poet Sly to come and amuse them with his songs and verses. Enters a group of nobles, among whom are the Earl of Westmoreland, and Dolly, a girl of aristocratic birth. The gentlefolk are visiting the tavern for a caprice.

Suddenly Sly enters, somewhat bemused with drink, and begins at once to divert the company with his songs and jests. They are all captivated by the man's wit, and watch him fascinated until, overcome with liquor, he falls to the ground. Someone suggests taking him out into the street, but Westmoreland has another idea, and proposes that they carry him to his castle, and when he comes round they will tell him he has been mad, but has miraculously recovered his reason. They will treat him like a great lord, and amuse themselves with the jokes until they are tired of it, when they will tell him the truth and turn him away.

The second act shows us the process of convincing the wretched poet that he is a great lord, who has a charming lady in the person of Dolly. Sly begins to believe even this, speaks words of love to her, is about to embrace her, when a burst of mocking laughter comes from behind a curtain, and Westmoreland and his friends are revealed.

The final act shows Sly, disillusioned, in a prison of Westmoreland's castle. But he cannot live the old life any more after having tasted happiness, so he opens his veins with a shard of glass. Dolly, however, has been touched by the poet's fate, and in the silence of the night she comes to him in his prison and tells him she understands him. But Sly, who all his life has sought love and sympathy, finds it now too late, for the life is dripping from him. He dies in the girl's arms, while a servant from above throws a light on the two and says it is time to take Sly back to the tavern, and

finds the moment opportune since he seems to be asleep.

Extended treatment of the story of the trick played on the tinker, reduced by Shakespeare to a mere sketch, is not new to the stage. The Induction to *The Taming of the Shrew* is seldom produced when the comedy is revived to-day; but in the earlier Elizabethan play, *The Taming of A Shrew*, published in 1594, the Sly story is treated at far greater length than Shakespeare accords it in his revision.

The story itself is very old. It occurs in the *Arabian Nights* as well as in an English ballad, and there is pretty good reason for believing that Philip the Good actually carried out such a practical joke in 1440. But Signor Forzano is the first to perceive the tragic possibilities inherent in the joke—unless, indeed, we except Mr. Bernard Shaw, who in *Pygmalion*, has treated a somewhat similar theme. *Sly* has been produced at the Costanzi Opera House, in Rome.

*

A GERMAN 'SCHOOL OF WISDOM'

COUNT HERMANN KEYSERLING, the distinguished German philosopher, has founded a 'School of Wisdom' at Darmstadt, which he hopes will become a centre of spiritual influence and start the German mind on what the Count describes as 'the way toward Perfection.' This is to be accomplished by means of lectures and conversations.

Larger assemblies are to be held two or three times a year, where lectures on philosophic themes will be given. In May, Count Keyserling himself lectured on 'The Symbolism of History, Politics, Wisdom, and World Superiority,' and Dr. Richard Wilhelm, of Peking, on 'Chinese Wisdom.' There are no restrictions as to nationality in the school. Anyone who becomes a member of the *Gesellschaft für freie Philosophie* may attend.